

The Mozart Behind **THE 6-0 BENGALS** By Greg A. Bedard P. 56

| November 2, 2015 | SI.COM | @SINOW |

+
*Gaming,
The System:
The E-Sports
Revolution*
By Stephanie
Apstein P. 64

Sports Illustrated

THE WORLD SERIES

*"There are two questions
about Daniel Murphy. The first:
How was it that he, like the Mets,
got so hot at the right time?
The second: Is it sustainable?"*

The
AMAZIN'

MURPHY

BY BEN REITER

P. 34





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2015 | VOLUME 123 | NO. 17



ACE VENTURA

Yordano Ventura, who made a pair of starts in the Royals' win over the Blue Jays in the ALCS, is scheduled to pitch Game 3 of the Series.

Photograph by
Ed Zurga/Getty Images

Features

WORLD SERIES

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Fall Classic questions:
How did power-mad Daniel
Murphy get so hot?
Can he keep it up?

By Ben Reiter

Why Kansas City Keeps The Hits Coming

By Tom Verducci

COLLEGE FOOTBALL

44 Temple

The Owls, 7-0 for the first
time, are headed for a frightful
date with Notre Dame

By Albert Chen

RUGBY

50 World Cup

The planet's toughest athletes
and most colorful fans gather
at the game's ancestral home

By Steve Rushin

PRO FOOTBALL

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A front five directed by a jet-
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has keyed an unbeaten start

By Greg A. Bedard

E-SPORTS

64 Game of Throngs

Fans are filling arenas around
the world. But for the players,
it's only about the game

By Stephanie Apstein

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SI HAS REGIONAL COVERS THIS WEEK:
Jeff Haynes for Sports Illustrated
(Daniel Murphy); David E. Klutho for
Sports Illustrated (Lorenzo Cain)

Sports Illustrated

SI.COM

FOR NOV. 2, 2015

So Far, So Good



With eight weeks of college football in the books, SI.com takes a look at the best of the season so far in our Midseason Report. Who made our All-America team? Who deserves the Halfway Heisman? Go to SI.com/college-football for the answers to these questions and predictions on who will make college football's final four.

SI.COM'S Top Stories

1 Cold Case

For a roundup of last week's most popular stories on SI.com—including a feature on the unsolved murder of former NBA center **Lorenzen Wright**—go to SI.com/topstories



2 The Rules of Donut Club

A group of Vikings players indulges in a sugary tradition

3 After the Call

An errant ruling changed the course of the 1985 World Series

4 2015-16 NBA Preview

Scouts make their predictions

5 Game-changer

How Carlton Fisk's HR altered the way baseball is broadcast

SI Digital Bonus



N.Y., N.Y.

From the SI Vault
Oct. 23, 2000

The **Mets** dusted the Cardinals, then the Yankees extinguished the Mariners to set up the first Subway Series in 44 years **By Tom Verducci**

To read this and other stories from the SPORTS ILLUSTRATED archive, go to SI.com/vault



SUPER BOWL 100

What will the Super Bowl look like in 50 years? SPORTS ILLUSTRATED and *Wired* have teamed up to forecast the changes in store for the NFL over the next five decades. From virtual-reality training to gene-splicing, the **Super Bowl 100** series, presented by Gatorade and Microsoft Surface, will explore every innovation, concluding with a sci-fi dispatch from the title game in 2066. Go to SI.com/SB100 and Wired.com/SB100

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1
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3Leading
Off

MOTOR SPORTS

A Champion's World

BY ANDREW LAWRENCE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SIMON BRUTY
FOR SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

■ Any halfway decent driver can luck into a Formula One championship or even two, says Niki Lauda, “because one can be an easy coincidence if you have the best car [that season].” But to rate among the very best, you have to win at least three world titles—as Lauda did, in 1975, ’77 and ’84. And you can’t count on having the best car so many years, he says. You have to have something else—the motivation to “go quicker, to be better—to never stand still. This is where you see the difference from normal people.”

Heading into last weekend’s U.S. Grand Prix at Circuit of the Americas outside of Austin, it would have been a stretch to call Britain’s Lewis Hamilton a normal person. Though, granted, the 30-year-old was sitting on a mere two championships at that time. He claimed his first in 2008, becoming the then youngest F1 champion ever, at 23 years, nine months and 26 days. He added the second last season, after winning a staggering 11 out of 19 races.

This season his margins have been even bigger. Hamilton swaggered into Austin (where SI was granted exclusive behind-the-scenes photo access to the driver and his Mercedes team) with victories in nine races and podium finishes in four others, and a chance

On the grid in Austin, Hamilton had his sights set on a third world title.

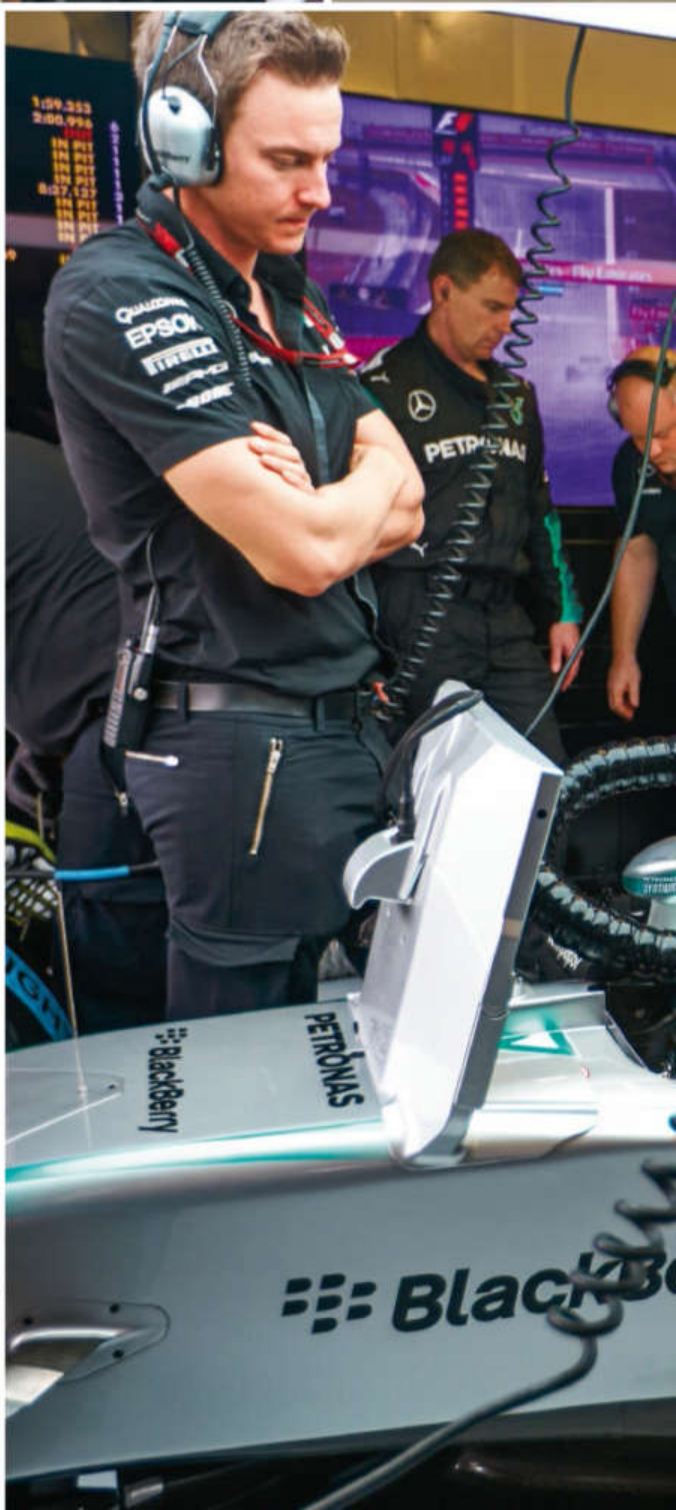




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2
of
3

Leading
Off

LEWIS HAMILTON

to win the championship with three races left on the 2015 schedule. Hamilton's lead in the standings was 66 points—a cushion so large he could afford to take time away from the Mercedes garage to go karting with four local kids. It should be noted: Hamilton is not dominating a bunch of F1 stiff. The guy sitting behind him in second place is Sebastian Vettel, a four-time champion; and Nico Rosberg, in third, is Hamilton's Silver Arrows teammate and a three-race winner in '15. In fact, through most of this season when Hamilton was on the top step of the podium, Rosberg was often just a notch below. He has pushed Hamilton every step of the way, not bad for a driver Lauda would label “normal.”

Hamilton? Lauda calls him “the crazy one.” The British icon has emerged as something of a 21st-century incarnation of James Hunt, the 1970s English F1 champion who ran with the era's glitterati. Hamilton jets to New York Fashion Week to support pals like SI swimsuit model Gigi Hadid. At the track in Austin, Hamilton hosted all manner of stars—from actor James Marsden (*X-Men*) to news anchor Gayle King (*CBS This Morning*) to comedian Trevor Noah (*The Daily Show*). In his changing room before the race, Hamilton listened to music he'd made himself—a mix of hip-hop, R&B and



Life in the driver's seat: On race weekend Hamilton steered a fine line between selfless (if not selfless) interaction with fans who were up front in their admiration for the champion and meticulous preparation with his team (including executive director Toto Wolff, bottom left).





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3
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3Leading
Off

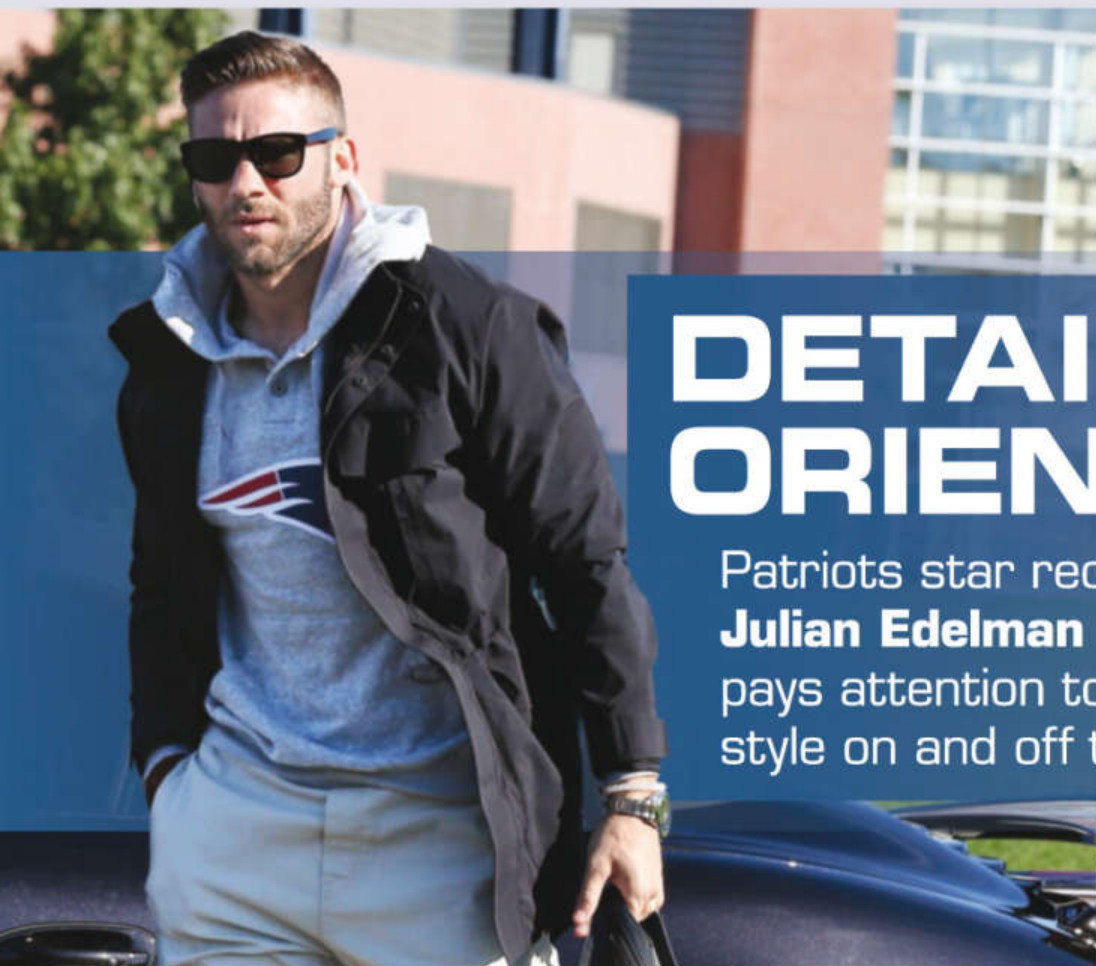
LEWIS HAMILTON

pop. (Hamilton has his own studio and reportedly has been in talks with Jay-Z's label.) "I'm lost if I don't have my music with me," he said.

Staying moored was an especially tough challenge in Austin, which was pummeled by rain that washed out a practice session and pushed qualifying until the morning of the race. And even though the session was canceled halfway through, Hamilton found his way to the second spot on the grid, behind Rosberg. Then, in the first turn of the race, he nudged past his teammate and rival. The two kept up the fight all afternoon. But with nine laps left, Rosberg understeered into a hairpin while leading. Hamilton slipped through the gap and cruised the rest of the way to the checkered flag.

After treating the crowd to a few donuts, Hamilton repaired to the Mercedes garage to celebrate with his teammates. All season long he had made a habit of showering them in champagne after his triumphs. Here, finally, it was their turn. Hamilton stood in the pits, a Union Jack stretched taut in his upraised arms. Then members of his crew shook up a few magnums of Mumm's and let fly a triumphant spray. All the while, Lauda, now a member of the Mercedes team brain trust, looked on with a sense of delight. What he was watching, he knew, was anything but normal. □

Come Sunday, Hamilton took it over the top. Starting second, he elbowed past teammate Rosberg in the first turn. After a racelength duel, a bobble by Rosberg with nine laps remaining left Hamilton on his own (top), headed for the checkered flag and a title-worthy group hug with his Mercedes crew.



DETAIL ORIENTED

Patriots star receiver
Julian Edelman
pays attention to his
style on and off the field.

GROWING UP IN the Bay Area, Julian Edelman made sure to let his style shine through. The New England Patriots wide receiver was fashion-forward from an early age and always stayed ahead of the trends.

"I'm a little embarrassed to say," he admits with a laugh. "We always sported our little socks up to our calves. Maybe a 'jort.' We had puka shells when we were real young, or were showing a hint of having a gold chain on—the little details were the things that I dug."

Now in his seventh season in the NFL, Edelman has a distinctive style of play and was a critical player in the Patriots' victory in Super Bowl XLIX last season. He considers himself a "creature of habit," and his pregame routine rarely strays: He studies his playbook at the same time of day, sits in the hot tub to loosen up and wears a similar outfit to every home game.

"It's a lot of studying, a lot of music listening, the same routine every week," he explains. "I like to wear darker colors for home games. I keep it fresh with a cool sweater and dark jeans, maybe a coat or beanie."

Like any longtime resident of New England, Edelman is frequently spotted shopping on Newbury Street in Boston while sporting Patriots apparel.

"I'm a huge fan of the old 'Pat the Patriot' logo," Edelman says. "I get those retro t-shirts and rock that with a pair of jeans and a fresh pair of sneakers, and it's gonna

work. Or I can throw a cool jacket over it, depending on what the event is. You can definitely use those old-school retro shirts a lot of ways."

Edelman is by far one of the most fashionable players in the league but strives for a simple, timeless look. "I try to keep it semi-ageless," he says, "where you can wear it in any decade. I rock the high-end stuff and dress it down with sneakers, or a specially cut shirt, to really make things pop."

If he dresses up, Edelman models his look after a true fashion icon. "When you see James Bond, he always looks fresh, cool, stylish, classy," Edelman says. "But he was always in the 'new' cool, the 'new' flashy. I go that route."

For his photo shoot for NFL Apparel, Edelman had input on everything he wore in order to create outfits authentic to his daily look. As with everything, the details are what count.

"My suits have to be cut right," he says. "I like my pants a little tapered at the bottom. There has to be room in the shoulders. It's more of that young, fresh look." Edelman likes to "flair it up" with bracelets, a cool watch and no tie, but if the event is more formal, he lets his personality shine through in the details. "I'll throw a cool knit tie on or try to change up my pocket square," he says. "Not too funky, but I get a little poppage with that." With tons of Cali style, Edelman is a fashion king of New England. —Evan Scott Schwartz



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INBOX

FOR OCT. 19, 2015

Does Justin Van Zuiden really believe that professional gamblers, who bet point spreads and over/unders, do any less work and research than he does? **Daily fantasy football and betting on game results are one and the same: They are gambling.**

Scott Hanselman, Redondo Beach, Calif.



Hiring **Steve Sarkisian** is one decision USC athletic director Pat Haden would love to redo, but he also retained Lane Kiffin after a 7-6 season in 2012, then fired him at an airport at 3 a.m. Haden has embarrassed the players, the university and himself with poor decision-making. He needs to step down so USC can move forward.

Russ W. Bill, Fountain Valley, Calif.

The article on Leonard Fournette gave me a deeper appreciation for just how talented he is. But I also wish you had given more credit to the LSU coaching staff and offensive line, whose work allows him to produce those astounding numbers.

Will Mallory, Los Angeles

While *Back to the Future II*'s prediction of a Cubs championship didn't come

true, SI may have gotten it right in a March 21, 2011, article, *Royals, Flush*, which predicted that Kansas City would "win the World Series in '15."

David Markley, Austin



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SCORECARD

Cleaning up Rio's Rodrigo de Freitas lagoon and Guanabara Bay for the 2016 Olympics and beyond—in six steps or more—would be a goal more worthy than winning any canoe race.

Robert Focosi
San Marcos, Calif.



I was glad to read the story of Chiefs linebacker **Justin Houston**, a humble hero who saved his brothers from a burning house and plans to build homes for his mother and grandmother. Now, there's someone to root for.

Andrew Rogers
Raynham, Mass.

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POINT AFTER

I've always been a fan of **Steve Rushin's** clever columns, but this time I don't agree with him that all athletes die twice. Every fan knows that the greatest players in sports live forever.

Jack W. Walker
Fort Worth

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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

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SCORES

Mission Implausible

Coaches caught up in scandal, like Rick Pitino of Louisville, preach leadership, but there's another way—rarely considered—to show it

BY ALEXANDER WOLFF

■ **“PLAUSIBLE DENIABILITY”** for head coaches is all the rage in college sports—so much so that “plausible” is approaching implausibility. Or so it appears in the ongoing saga of the Louisville men’s basketball program, still led for the moment by Rick Pitino. Last week evidence continued to mount in support of allegations by the owner of a local escort service, Katina Powell, that a former Pitino staff member, director of basketball operations Andre McGee, hired her to provide strippers who also offered sex acts to Pitino’s

players, recruits and some of the recruits’ parents and guardians. The assignments are alleged to have taken place at 22 parties over a four-year span in the basketball dorm named after Pitino’s late brother-in-law, Billy Minardi. The Cardinals’ coach, whose brand is built around leadership and managerial competence and who lectures businessmen in best sellers entitled *Lead to Succeed* and *Success Is a Choice*, says he had no clue. In his resignation letter from his post as an assistant coach at Missouri–Kansas City last Friday, McGee wrote that allegations



against him were “false.”

Pitino is hardly the only big-time college coach who styles himself as General Patton, except when it's more expedient to come across as Sergeant Schultz. The species can be famously attentive to detail when it wants to be. There's that Big Ten basketball coach who briefly suspended a recent interview with SI so he could text birthday wishes to the girlfriend of one of his players. At several programs the boss and his minions have a tacit understanding: Practice whatever dark arts are necessary to procure and keep eligible the talent we need to win. Just don't tell me, so I can say I didn't know.

Still, on some level, they must know. Is Pitino such a fuddy-duddy that he is unaware of how recruiting visits unspool? Former Michigan star Jalen Rose helpfully clarified recruits' expectations last week: “As a 17-year-old kid,” Rose said on his Grantland podcast *Jalen & Jacoby*, “first off, if I'm not getting laid . . . I'm not signing.”

Head coaches grumble about the NCAA's recent move to hold them accountable for the actions of their staff members. But Syracuse's Jim Boenheim and SMU's Larry Brown, recently hide-strapped for the misdeeds of subordinates, long ago used up their Get Out of Jail Free cards. Boenheim, who last March was suspended for nine games of the coming season and stripped of 108 wins due to an academic scandal that dated to 2001, skated in the early 1990s after the NCAA tied the Orange to a New York City street agent who had worked at Boenheim's basketball camp. Meanwhile

the penalties slapped on SMU in September for academic fraud and unethical conduct, including a postseason ban for this season and a nine-game suspension for Brown, echoed previous NCAA sanctions against UCLA and Kansas for violations on Brown's watch at those institutions.

Pitino's contract includes a clause that exempts him from responsibility “for misconduct of third parties, assistants, or other representatives of the athletic interest” of the school, as long as he didn't know about the wrongdoing or promptly reported it. With Pitino vowing on his blog last week not to step down, the school—which is conducting its own review and has not commented on his job status—might have to buy out the remaining 11 years and \$51 million of his contract unless it can get a favorable interpretation of another clause: that the coach “failed to exercise diligent, careful supervision.”

But whether a coach who unknowingly presides over a corrupt program should be forgiven or fired is a false choice. What if, just once, one coach were to say, “It's my job to set a tone. I failed. So I hereby resign.” To do so, a coach would need that one quality from which other good things flow, according to Chapter One of *The One-Day Contract: How to Add Value to Every Minute of Your Life*, the latest volume in the Pitino oeuvre. It would require humility.

“The lesson of humility comes to everyone eventually,” Pitino writes. “Either you learn its value, or life drills it into you—and life can be a painful teacher.” □

GO FIGURE

15



Yards rushing for **Tom Brady** in the Patriots' 30-23 victory over the Jets, marking the first time in the quarterback's 215 career games that he has led the team in that category.



100

Consecutive regular-season wins for Mount Union (Ohio), a Division III school, after the top-ranked Purple Raiders crushed Wilmington 69-0 last Saturday. Mount Union has not lost a regular-season game since 2005 and has dropped just one of its last 211.

2:57

Amount of time in minutes and seconds that the Montreal Canadiens have trailed this season during their 9-0-0 start. Montreal is just the third team in history to win its first nine games. The NHL record is 10.

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Asking price, on StubHub, for each of two tickets to Friday's Game 3 of the World Series at Citi Field in section 538, the stadium's upper deck. It will be the Mets' first home World Series game since 2000.



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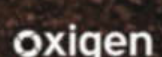
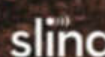
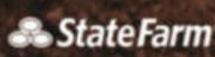
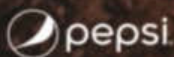
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Flip Saunders

1955–2015

BY STEVE RUSHIN

FLIP SAUNDERS was 5' 11", but he had the wingspan of a power forward, and exceptionally strong hands, fortified as a child by rubbing the pain from his mother's muscles—she had polio—and shucking corn on summer jobs outside his native Cleveland. Those arms and hands helped him become the Class A player of the year in Ohio as a high school senior in 1973 and ensured, for the rest of his life, that little would exceed his reach or escape his grasp.

It didn't hurt that he had long fingers. They helped him perform magic—he loved coin and card tricks—and to play point guard on a University of Minnesota team in the mid-1970s that featured future NBA stars Kevin McHale, Mychal Thompson and Ray Williams. But his greatest sleight of hand may have been conjuring an NBA coaching career out of the ether. "He always had this Walter Mitty idea that he'd be an NBA coach," says Mike McCollow, who coached with Saunders in Rapid City, S.D., and La Crosse, Wisc., in the CBA, where Saunders spent seven seasons from 1988-89 to '94-95. "And then he became one."

Before he coached the Timberwolves, Pistons and Wizards—and then the Timberwolves again—Saunders was a 24-year-old juco coach at Golden Valley Lutheran College living with his wife, Debbie, on West 98½ Street in



Bloomington, Minn. McCollow was 13 years old, and he dragged his best friend to the foot of Saunders's driveway after school to dribble a basketball in the street, hoping the former Golden Gophers star would emerge. I was that best friend, and Flip—if only to make the dribbling stop—did come out to play with us, again and again.

When he died on Sunday, due to complications from Hodgkin's lymphoma, at age 60, the basketball world mourned a famous coach with 654 wins and 592 losses over 17 seasons in the NBA. But that lifetime record is hardly the record of his lifetime.

It doesn't show him, for instance, spending hours perfecting his Michael Jackson moonwalk to perform "Billie Jean" for three dozen kids at his basketball camp's Friday-afternoon talent show in the 1980s.

On his backyard half-court in Bloomington, long before

Minnesota North Star Saunders coached three NBA teams, but his most lasting impact came with the Timberwolves, whom he led to the first eight postseason berths in franchise history.

+ To read a Steve Rushin story from the SI Vault about Flip Saunders, go to SI.com/saunders

the NBA made him rich, Flip hosted a two-on-two basketball round robin and barbecue that I named, as a high school kid, the Saunders Hoop Invitational Tournament. The winner of the S.H.I.T. was awarded a Cool Whip container covered in Reynolds Wrap, which we treated with all the reverence of the Larry O'Brien Trophy. Years later, when the Timberwolves were playing the Lakers in the 2004 Western Conference finals and I was covering the game for *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, Flip walked by and said, "You think the winner of this thing gets a Cool Whip container covered in tinfoil?"

He once sent me a note that said, "You've come a long way from the S.H.I.T.," but the truth was that Flip had come further and shone brighter than any of us—himself excepted—could imagine. In his three seasons in Detroit, 2005–06 through '07–08, Flip took the Pistons to three straight Eastern Conference finals. He led Minnesota to the brink of those 2004 NBA Finals before the Wolves succumbed to the Lakers. So despite the long arms and fingers, and those walnut-crushing hands, one bauble did escape his grasp, and that was the golden Larry O'Brien Trophy.

But there were more important rewards. He and Debbie raised four children and made a home in their beloved Minnesota, the state Flip never really left, no matter where his work took him. And anyway, there was a different trophy—a Cool Whip tub covered in Reynolds Wrap—that was a truer measure of the man. It was less shiny than the Larry O'Brien but somehow more reflective. □

A man with a beard is captured in profile, running on a dirt path through a forest. He is wearing a blue jacket, black leggings, and blue and black Nike Air Zoom Pegasus 32 running shoes. The background is filled with trees and foliage, with some leaves showing autumn colors.

DSW

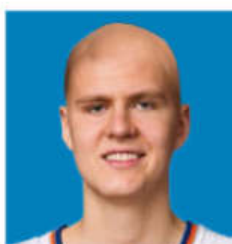
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The Hair Apparent

A Knicks rookie takes a follicular tour of the NBA

LAST WEEK, PHOTO EVIDENCE emerged of a young Kristaps Porzingis sporting some very Allen Iverson-esque cornrows. This spurred speculation about what the 20-year-old, 7' 3" forward/center would look like with a few other classic NBA do's. Thanks to Photoshop and SI's art mavens, wonder no more.



THE MICHAEL JORDAN



THE ARTIS GILMORE



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SIGN OF THE APOCALYPSE

The latest candidate for president of FIFA is a former political prisoner turned multimillionaire from South Africa named Tokyo Sexwale (center).

Canadiens

They got off to a 9-0 start. Demanding fans will now be upset with anything less than 82-0.



HOT ▲
NOT ▼



Miami

After a 58-0 loss to Clemson, coach **Al Golden** was fired. The Hurricanes are a tropical depression.

THEY SAID IT

**"SHE'S LIKE BEYONCÉ.
SHE'S BASEBALL BEY."**

Mr. Met's handler

Explaining the demand for appearances by Mrs. Met at weddings, parties and bar mitzvahs to RollingStone.com



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INTRODUCING
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Cheek flaps maximize facial cooling

Magnetic rim holds sunglass lens



TECH_KNOW

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Cooler Heads

A cross between a sponge and a pro wrestling mask may provide a performance breakthrough

ASHTON EATON

always found that wrapping his head in a wet towel after running felt good, so he wondered if there might be a more high-tech way to accomplish the task. Eaton, the U.S.'s top decathlete, believes that the difficulty of his sport lies not so much in each individual discipline, but in maximizing performance in each discipline. So he turned to the Nike Sports Research Lab earlier this year for help keeping his cool between events.

"Overheating was a challenge," explained Sandy Bodecker, vice president of special projects at Nike, "especially during the high jump and the pole vault

when there was so much time spent on the field, and [Eaton] asked how we could speed up his recovery between his short, explosive actions." The result of Eaton and Nike's collaboration was a cooling hood that makes Eaton look like a cross between a track star and a Mexican *luchador*.

Nike used a 3-D scan of Eaton's head to design the tight-knit stretch-fabric hood for maximum coverage. Before each use the hood is immersed in cool water and the Super Absorbent Fiber in the fabric chemically binds to the liquid, making the hood soft and pliable with an even feel and weight. Nike is still studying the exact

physiological effects of the hood, but the company knows that cooling the face reduces the hormone response to exercise and stimulates the same reflex as diving into cold water, which counteracts the usual rise in heart rate during exercise. In studies, facial cooling has also made athletes feel cooler overall and reduced their perception of their exertion.

If results in the field are any indicator, the hood seems to be a hit. At the world championships in Beijing in August, the 27-year-old from Oregon set a points world record (9,045) and a decathlon record for the 400 meters (45.00 seconds).

—Tom Taylor

+ See 02

■ Losing weight

relies on a simple equation: Burn more energy than you consume. Caloric information is easy to find on labels and websites, but knowing how fast you burn calories is trickier.

Enter Breezing, a handheld device that measures the oxygen consumption rate and carbon dioxide production rate in a single breath to determine metabolism. "When we take in food, we consume oxygen and produce energy plus carbon dioxide," explains Erica Forzani, one of Breezing's cofounders and an assistant professor of chemical engineering at Arizona State. Knowing how much O_2 someone is removing from the air and how much CO_2 he or she is adding allows Breezing to determine the type and level of chemical reactions taking place, which can be translated into a measure of energy expenditure.

And that helps, whether you're a boxer trying to lose weight or a football player trying to gain. —T.T.



COURTESY OF NIKE (HOOD); COURTESY OF BREEZING

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REVIEW

Tables for Two

TOP SPIN, a new documentary tracking a trio of teenaged table tennis prodigies on their quest for Olympic glory, will call to mind docs on niche pursuits like spelling bees (*Spellbound*, 2002) or crossword puzzles (*Wordplay*, '06). But the film, directed by Mina T. Son and Sara Newens, quickly dispels any notion that table tennis is a leisure hobby. An Olympic sport since 1988, the blink-and-you'll-miss-it brand of table tennis played by Ariel Hsing, Michael Landers and Lily Zhang (*FACES IN THE CROWD*, Sept. 15, 2014) is nothing like your father's basement Ping-Pong. A tale of underdogs on the international scene, *Top Spin* serves up a kinetic sports story more akin to *Rocky*—complete with training scenes and slo-mo action sequences. You'll never look at a paddle in the same way after seeing the strategy, speed and mental stress that goes into the game. —A.F.

**Caden Voges** | *Sacramento* | *Football*

Caden, a 6-foot, 175-pound senior at Sacramento High, threw a 47-yard touchdown pass in a 63-0 win over Laguna Creek High to surpass 10,000 career yards. He is the sixth quarterback in state history to reach the milestone. At week's end Caden had thrown for 10,721 yards (fifth all time in California) and 132 touchdowns (fourth) in 35 games.

**Kaitlynn Papp** | *Austin* | *Golf*

Kaitlynn, a junior at Lake Travis High, fired a five-under 211 for a one-stroke victory at the AJGA Girls Championship at Furman Golf Club in Greenville, S.C. In June she won the inaugural Texas Golf Association women's stroke-play championship by six shots. A two-time Rolex Junior All-American, Kaitlynn led Lake Travis to the 6A state title last year.

**Irwin Loud** | *Oak Park, Ill.* | *Cross-country*

Irwin, a junior at Oak Park and River Forest High, smashed the 2.88-mile course record at Camera Park in Glendale Heights with a 14:03.70 in the West Suburban Conference-Silver Championships. In September he opened his season by setting a course mark at the three-mile John Kurtz Early Bird Invitational at Fenton High (14:52.90).

FACES IN THE CROWD

Edited by ALEXANDRA FENWICK

**Julia Fenn** | *Sheridan, Wyo.* | *Tennis*

Julia, a senior at Sheridan High, beat Grace Dereemer of Cheyenne Central High 6-0, 6-1 to become the first girl in the state to win four straight 4A championships. She ended her career with a 58-0 record. Julia, who is ranked 13th in her region, received the USTA's 2015 Intermountain Summer Sectional Sportsmanship award.

**Kyle Snyder** | *Woodbine, Md.* | *Wrestling*

Snyder, a 19-year-old sophomore at Ohio State, beat reigning world champion Abdu salam Gadisov of Russia to win the 213-pound freestyle title in Las Vegas, becoming the youngest world champ in U.S. history. He won 5-5 by criteria, executing more two-point moves than Gadisov. Snyder was the NCAA runner-up at 197 pounds last year.

**Susan Ejore** | *Nakuru, Kenya* | *Cross-country*

Ejore, a freshman at Monroe College, an NJCAA Division I program in the Bronx, won the Region XV championship at Sunken Meadow State Park in Kings Park, N.Y., in 19:26.80, her third course record this season. She also set course marks at the 5K NJIT Highlander meet (17:26.42) and at the 6K Cairn University Highlander Invitational (21:11.17).

Nominate Now ▼

To submit a candidate for Faces in the Crowd, go to SI.com/faces. For more on outstanding amateur athletes, follow @SI_Faces on Twitter.

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JUST MY TYPE

→ Interview by DAN PATRICK

DAN PATRICK: *Are you still upset with the Celtics' Kelly Olynyk [for injuring your shoulder]?*

KEVIN LOVE: No. We ended up texting and sweeping that under the rug. I don't imagine he'll get a great reception in Cleveland, but we talked, and it's all good.

DP: *Did you know it was serious right away and that you would be out four to six months?*

KL: Yes. When it first happened, I was very emotional and pissed. Getting my shoulder put back in place in the locker room was painful. I knew right away that it was serious and that it was going to be a lengthy recovery.

DP: *What's the toughest thing about being LeBron James's teammate?*

KL: There's not much that's tough about it. He kind of makes your life easy out there on the court. The toughest part is the circus that follows him.

DP: *But he gets more credit and more blame for how the team fares.*

KL: It's a gift and a curse. Not to speak for him, but I don't think he'd have it any other way.

DP: *Was there any chance you were going to play elsewhere after last season?*

KL: None at all. When you think about your goals, you



KEVIN LOVE

TOUGH LOVE

After dislocating his left shoulder during a game against the Celtics in the NBA playoffs last spring, the Cavaliers' 27-year-old forward is back with a new look and holding no grudges.

factor in happiness, winning and, obviously, getting paid. If you can have two of those things, you're in a good spot. If you can have all three, it makes it a no-brainer to stay.

DP: *You're getting a lot of attention for your new hairdo.*

KL: A lot of people were saying that I got a perm. I have pictures from when I was a little kid. My hair is naturally curly. It's at the awkward phase now. I'm trying to figure out how to style it for opening night.

DP: *Will you ever go with a man bun?*

KL: I was told you lose your hair with a man bun, so I'm not sure that's something I want to go for.

DP: *If you had to build an NFL team with NBA players, who would be on it?*

KL: LeBron would be a wide receiver. He's like another Megatron out there. Then I would have to say Nate Robinson on defense. Obviously myself. I could be like Big Ben and play quarterback.

DP: *Did you play football?*

KL: My parents wouldn't let me. They said, "Kid, you're gonna get hurt." My dad would take me onto the court and into the paint and say, "This where you have to play football."

DP: *So, who's my quarterback?*

KL: I thought it was going to be me.

DP: *Sorry, your parents said you can't play.*

KL: That's right, I always listen to everything my parents say.

GUEST SHOTS SAY WHAT?



I asked former Mets first baseman

Keith Hernandez

whether New York's 2015 pitching staff is better than the 1969 or '86 editions. "The ceiling is a lot higher for this group," he said. "It's the most incredible [young] starting four I've ever seen." ... Former NFL running back **Maurice**



Jones-Drew told me he originally committed

to go to Colorado [before later signing with UCLA] after going to the Cheesecake Factory on a recruiting visit. "That's the real world," MJD said. "You want to watch *Ballers* and believe all that hype and nonsense? That's not how it really goes down." ... ESPN's

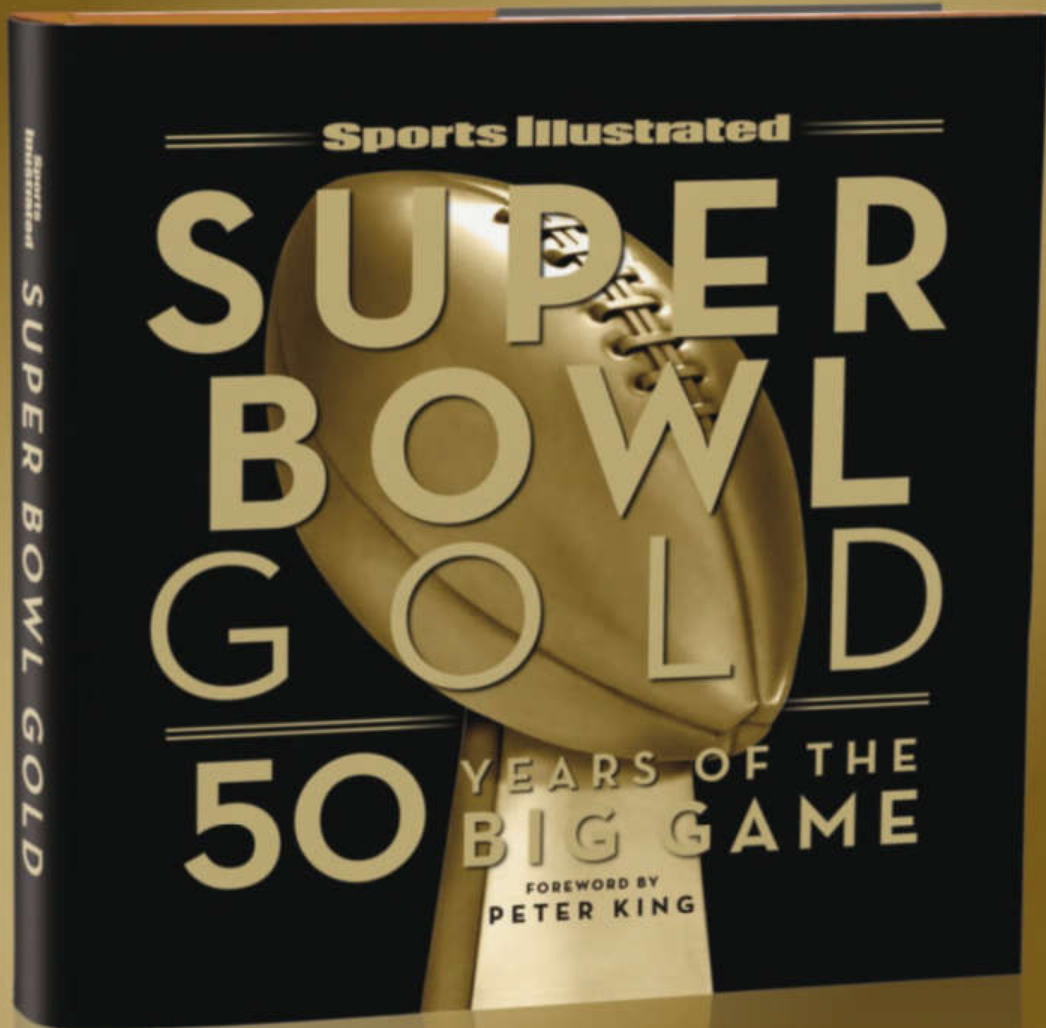


Michael Wilbon wasn't crushed

when his Cubs fell in the NLCS. "I'm upset at getting swept," Wilbon told me, "but I'm not in the usual Cubs depression that I've been in several times before. It feels a little different. It feels like it's the beginning."

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The Case for . . .

No. 13

BY ALEX PREWITT



THE ROAD TO history began with a father's fib. Devils winger Mike Cammalleri first went out for hockey in the Toronto area when he was seven, a year younger than the minimum age, but no one ever asked and his dad never told. At the end of tryouts the coach tossed a box of jerseys onto the floor: Congrats, everyone made the cut. Now pick a number.

Cammalleri's father suggested that young Mike keep a low profile and choose last. "So I sat there, nervous and anxious," Cammalleri says. "Sure enough, the last number there was 13." From watching Don Cherry's *Rock'em Sock'em Hockey* videos, he knew that Canucks defenseman Lars Lindgren wore the same number—and that one video showed Lindgren accidentally shooting the puck into his own net, the sort of bad luck that explains why hockey players have traditionally shunned the big one-three. In fact, in the NHL every number between 1 and 20 has been officially retired by at least one team, except for 13. "I think I was pretty upset for a couple weeks," Cammalleri says about getting stuck with the number, "but I've worn it ever since."

Almost. He went with another number for two of his 14 seasons in the NHL: 2011–12, when he was traded to Calgary, where center Olli Jokinen already had the number, and last season, when he signed with New Jersey, where former team owner John McMullen was rumored to have

banned unlucky 13 for superstitious reasons. That blockade survived McMullen's sale of the franchise in 2000 and even his death in '05. But when GM Lou Lamoriello, caretaker of the custom, left for Toronto this off-season, the number became available, and Cammalleri donned Jersey's first number 13 jersey. "You grow an affinity for the number," he says. "It becomes part of an identity in a way, something you can relate to."

Not many others can relate, though. The first 13, according to Hockey-Reference.com, was Montreal's Edmond Bouchard, who played during the Warren G. Harding Administration, and only 92 other NHLers have dared to wear the number since. The list includes Ray Ferraro, who stumbled into the 13 club upon being traded to the Blues in

»
In the NHL, every number between 1 and 20 has been officially retired by at least one team, except for 13.

2001 after wearing four other numbers for five other teams. Then there are dreamers like Shawn Heaphy (Calgary) and Joey Tenute (Washington), whose lone NHL appearances came with 13 on their backs. Valeri Bure, brother of Pavel, and Jared Staal, brother of Eric, Jordan and Marc, never achieved the success of their siblings but at least managed numerical noteworthiness.

The well-traveled Bill Guerin is the only player to have worn 13 for six teams. His mother, who hailed from Nicaragua, considered it lucky. His wife was born on March 13. Now one daughter, Kayla, wears it for her college lacrosse team, and his son, Liam, wears it for hockey. "It's supposed to be bad luck, but it's not," the Penguins' assistant GM says. "I love Friday the 13th. We celebrate it in our house."

Of all the triskaidephiliacs, none enjoyed more success than Maple Leafs center Mats Sundin, who scored 1,349 points in 1,346 games during an 18-year career that included, what else, 13 years in Toronto. Sundin, who was born on Feb. 13, always considered the number lucky, even if others didn't. "I've heard my whole career that I should not wear 13, because it's going to bring the bad luck," Sundin said. Not so. A bronze likeness of the Swede, who retired in 2009, stands outside the Air Canada Centre, and his sweater hangs from the rafters, thanks to the Maple Leafs' tradition of "honoring" jerseys.

Maybe he'll soon have help changing perceptions. Red Wings center Pavel Datsyuk, 37, has won three Selke and four Lady Byng trophies during a 14-year career wearing 13 and seems a shoo-in for the Hall of Fame when he retires. And now that Cammalleri has broken through for the Devils, only one team has never had a player wear 13—the Wild. But hope exists. In Iowa, where Minnesota's AHL affiliate plays, defenseman Gustav Olofsson, a former second-round draft pick from Sweden, wears 13 in tribute to Sundin.


Oh, and because it was available. □

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PUMPED UP

Murphy headed into the Series with Bonds-esque numbers in the postseason: seven homers, a .436 OBP, 1.026 slugging percentage and 11 runs scored.





THE HOUSE OF MURPHY

WORLD SERIES

AS THE METS AND ROYALS CLASH IN THE FALL CLASSIC, ALL EYES ARE ON A PREVIOUSLY ANONYMOUS SECOND BASEMAN WHO'S ON ONE OF THE GREAT POWER BINGES IN OCTOBER HISTORY. CAN DANIEL MURPHY POSSIBLY KEEP HITTING HOME RUNS? THE ANSWER WILL GO A LONG WAY TOWARD DECIDING WHICH FRANCHISE ENDS ITS TITLE DROUGHT

BY BEN REITER

Photograph by
David J. Phillip/
Pool-Getty Images

VEXED OPPONENTS had spent the week favorably comparing him to Barry Bonds and Babe Ruth, but last Friday, Daniel Murphy began his only full day off as a newly certified postseason legend in a decidedly unglamorous manner. “Nothing like having your son take a big poop in his diaper and changing him to keep you humble,” he says.

Although he reached the big leagues seven years ago and was the Mets’ lone All-Star in 2014, humility has never been much of a challenge for the 30-year-old second baseman. He is of average build—6’ 1”, 215 pounds—and, in his own estimation, “very average looking.” He has been able to walk the streets of Manhattan for nearly a decade while being recognized fewer times, in total, than his teammate David Wright is in a single night. “I’ve gone out with David,” Murphy says. “David gets the double takes, for sure.”

Two days after his Mets had swept the Cubs out of the NLCS, Murphy received a taste of how his life had changed. He and his wife, Tori, who is seven months pregnant with their second child, took their son, Noah, to a park near their Upper East Side apartment for an extended session of scootering and baseball, as they often do. “Nobody noticed me in the past,” Murphy says. This time, a student from an adjacent school, which was in the midst of recess, approached him. “Are you *Daniel Murphy*?” the boy asked. Soon a dozen kids, and eventually 50, were surrounding him, wanting to take photos with him and even just to touch him. “We’re

Murphy, a devout Christian, controversially said, “I do disagree with the fact that Billy is a homosexual,” while stressing that he would accept a gay teammate and invest in him on a personal level. Murphy no longer discusses the issue, and in both cases the news cycle quickly moved on.

The day after drawing a playground crowd, at the Mets’ first mandatory pre-Series workout at Citi Field, it became clear that Murphy’s profile had been raised there too. In the past, members of the media had relied on him for an occasional pithy, good-natured, generally teammate-focused quote when Wright and the club’s many young aces were unavailable. Now they all clamored for him.



OH, BABY

Murphy came under fire for taking paternity leave after the birth of his son, Noah (left); there was nothing to criticize about his homering in a record six straight postseason games (right).

SOON 50 KIDS SURROUNDED MURPHY. “WE’RE LIKE, ‘OH, NO!’ THIS IS REALLY NEW.”

like, ‘Oh, no!’” Murphy says. “This is wild. This is *really* new.”

This is what happens after you hit a home run in a record six straight playoff games, have seven postseason homers overall and have powered your team to its first World Series in 15 years.

Until recently, Murphy had earned genuine national attention only twice. Neither instance was related to anything he did on the field. The first came on Opening Day 2014, when Tori gave birth by emergency Caesarean section to their now healthily excreting 19-month-old, and Murphy took his full allotment of three days of paternity leave. Talk radio hosts blasted him for his selfishness and then apologized; Murphy was invited to speak at the White House about parental rights. The second came during this season’s spring training. Billy Bean, among the first former major leaguers to publicly identify themselves as gay, visited the Mets’ facility in Port St. Lucie, Fla., in his role as baseball’s Ambassador for Inclusion. After the visit,

The only place that could be found for a quiet word was the team’s medical-examination room, deep in the clubhouse. There, Murphy—who had never before hit more regular-season homers than this year’s 14, or hit five in a single calendar month—recounted the at bats that changed his life. It turns out that the series of events felt to him as it did to observers. It seemed lucky, at first. Then it became apparent that something unprecedented and awe-inspiring was happening.

Murphy’s first postseason home run came in Game 1 of the NLDS, against the Dodgers on Oct. 9, off a 94-mph fastball that Clayton Kershaw, the best pitcher of his generation, grooved right down the middle. “I was fortunate enough to get a 2–0 fastball and put a good swing on it,” Murphy says. His next



bomb came in Game 4, four days later and also off a Kershaw fastball. Murphy considers that one to be lucky too; it cleared the rightfield fence by only a few feet. It was during his next at bat against Kershaw that Murphy says something started to seem different. Murphy didn't even get a hit; he flew out to center. But even though he was facing a three-time Cy Young Award winner, nothing about what Kershaw had done had seemed particularly challenging. As Murphy trotted to the dugout, he thought only one thing: O.K., that felt slower.

The next four games confirmed that Murphy had entered a zone to which all athletes aspire but few experience at length. He homered off Zack Greinke in Game 5 of the NLDS, and then Jon Lester, Jake Arrieta and Kyle Hendricks in the first three NLCS games against the Cubs. In the next one—the potential series clincher—he did something that seemed to transcend the realm of the merely incredible and enter that of the impossible.

The Mets were up 6–1 in the top of the eighth. Fernando Rodney was on the mound in relief. The 38-year-old righthander is a few years past his All-Star prime, but he still possesses two devastat-

ing pitches: a fastball that's in the upper 90s, and a changeup that sits in the low 80s. Mets hitters knew that, when facing Rodney, you have to pick one to try to hit. Murphy told everyone on the Mets' bench who would listen he would be looking change.

Murphy let a fastball sail by for a ball and then another sail by for a strike. As Rodney prepared to throw his third pitch, Murphy was still waiting for a changeup. He thought Rodney was about to give him one, so he began to swing. "Looking for a changeup and swinging at a fastball is a recipe for getting out," Murphy says. "I've done that plenty of times, believe me." At the moment he made contact with the pitch, which came in at 96 miles an hour, he thought, "That's not a changeup. This is not good."

Then? "I hit it. And it just kept going. Oh, my goodness."

As Murphy trotted around first, with his right arm raised in the air, the Mets' bench reacted with surprise—"flabbergasted," was the

word several of its occupants would later use—but not for the same reason as most in Wrigley Field. It was not that the formerly light-hitting second baseman was now the sole owner of a postseason power record. It was that they knew that he had done what is never done, which is look for 83 and hit 96 out of the park. Such a feat represented the final confirmation that Murphy was in the midst of an extended athletic performance at a level that none of them, and hardly anybody, had ever before attained.

With a World Series appearance now secured, there were two pressing questions about Daniel Murphy. The first: How was it that he, like his team, got so hot at just the right time? The second: Is this sustainable, not just in the World Series, which was to begin on Tuesday against the Royals in Kansas City, but after?

BY LATE last January life was going rather well for Kevin Long, all things considered. The 48-year-old had been let go after eight seasons as the Yankees' hitting coach on Oct. 10 but had been hired to fill the same position by the crosstown Mets less than two weeks later. He and his wife hadn't even had to move out of their Manhattan apartment. Now he was on vacation at his uncle's house, in Hawaii.

Still, Long was stressed out. He had checked in with most of his new hitters, but only one had asked for a full, written evaluation of his strengths and weaknesses, and how he might improve. "A

lot of people said that Daniel would be my toughest challenge because he was so intelligent, because he was so set in his ways,” Long says. As he nervously paced around his uncle’s pool, Long composed an extensive email on his phone to the career .290 hitter. “I hit send, and I was like, ‘Oh, crap, I wonder how this is going to turn out.’”

Murphy had long been known for his unusual ability to get a piece of virtually any pitch. “His eyes and hands work as well as any human being’s on the planet,” says Steve Barningham, who scouted him for the Mets before the club drafted him in the 13th round in 2006. “If he sees it, he can hit it.”

Murphy grew up in Jacksonville, Fla., the oldest of the three

children born to Tom, who used to own a lawn maintenance company and is now an elementary school teacher, and Sharon, a secretary at a seafood company. Though the straitlaced Murphy might not make such a comparison, the act of hitting for him has always been like a drug. When he is not actively hitting, he is talking about hitting. “Baseball is one of those sports that can be kind of boring as a kid,” says his younger brother, Jonathan. “You just sit there, you put the ball on the tee and hit it over and over and over again. He found joy in that.”

“I really like hitting the ball on the barrel,”

ON THE BALL ■ BY TOM VERDUCCI

The Royals are the best contact hitters in baseball, and a formidable opponent for the Mets’ young fireballers



Three hundred ninety-five times in the past 15 seasons a player has

hit 30 home runs. None of them did so for the Royals, a postmodern team that has turned the simple yet diminishing art of contact into its primary weaponry.

“The franchise record [for homers] is still 36, by Steve Balboni 30 years ago,” Kansas City general manager Dayton Moore said. “We have to emphasize speed, defense and athleticism.”

Making contact in major league baseball has never been more difficult. The rate of strikeouts per game has hit a record high for eight consecutive seasons. Against this strong current swim the Royals, the toughest team to strike out in the majors for four consecutive years. Only one other team in the past 100 years managed such a streak, but that club, the 1971-74 Yankees, was a noncontender. The Royals returned to the World Series this year precisely because they put the ball in play.

Kansas City beat Toronto in six

games in the ALCS just as it did Houston in five games in the Division Series: by stringing together hits like pearls on a necklace. The Royals batted an astounding .432 with runners on in the ALCS, while striking out just seven times in 86 such plate appearances.

There is no greater element that will decide the 111th World Series—the first between expansion teams—than this convergence of opposing forces: the strike-throwing power pitching of the Mets’ deep rotation against the aggressive contact hitting of the Royals’ deep lineup.

After New York’s rotation in the regular season had the second-highest strikeout-to-walk rate in history (4.18, trailing only the 4.22 of the 2011 Phillies), the team moved finesse pitchers Jon Niese and Bartolo Colon to the bullpen in the postseason to rely solely on young guns Matt Harvey, Jacob deGrom, Noah Syndergaard and Steven Matz, all of whom average (or in Matz’s case, max out at) at least 95 mph with their fastball. Though all four starters have

exceeded their previous career highs in innings, in nine postseason starts they are 6-2 with a 2.78 ERA while averaging 11.2 strikeouts per nine innings. In true old-school World Series style (aka pre-interleague play), the Royals’ starting lineup will see Harvey, deGrom, Syndergaard and Matz for the first time, with the exception of three at bats by outfielder Alex Rios against Harvey in 2013.

“It’s going to be a challenge,” Moore said. “The best rotation we’ve seen in the AL is Cleveland, which is probably most comparable. They come at you with power and with strikes, which is not a bad thing for us. We like to be aggressive in the zone.”

The Indians’ best starters had a 3.18 ERA against Kansas City this year, and the Royals were 8-7 in those games. Unlike most teams, Kansas City’s aim is not to make starters throw more pitches (“This team,” outfielder Jonny Gomes said, “couldn’t care less about pitch counts”) but to seize the first and last hittable ones that cross the plate.



Kansas City won a thrilling ALCS Game 6 clincher with trademark Royals. Lorenzo Cain refused to strike out leading off the eighth inning of a 3-3 game. Pushed to a 2-and-2 count from Toronto closer Roberto Osuna, he fouled off one pitch and declined the next two for a seven-pitch walk. The next batter, Eric Hosmer, likewise refused two-strike surrender. He lined a 2-and-2 pitch toward the rightfield corner for a single. Cain, running like Enos Slaughter in the 1946 World Series or Secretariat in the '73 Belmont, scored all the way from first base.

"We're all aggressive in the strike zone," says Rios, who drove in Kansas City's third run in Game 6

PLAY THE FIELD

Ben Zobrist and his teammates take an aggressive approach in the strike zone that should match up well against the Mets' hard throwers.

with a two-strike single. "Our goal is to keep the line moving."

The game ended with a last reminder of the importance of contact. With no outs in the ninth, the Blue Jays put the tying run on third base, whence it could be scored on nearly any kind of ball put in play. But Kansas City closer Wade Davis whiffed Dioner Navarro and Ben Revere before getting Josh Donaldson on a ground ball. Toronto, the more typical modern team, which

sacrifices contact for power, batted .169 with runners on in the ALCS, striking out 30 times in such spots.

The Royals' brand of baseball is born from the necessities of venue and economics. Their home ballpark, Kauffman Stadium, is a pitcher-friendly yard with yawning gaps. With a middle-of-the-pack payroll (16th, at about \$113 million) and a bottom-three television-market size (only Cincinnati and Milwaukee are smaller), the Royals understand that power is a high-priced luxury item they cannot easily afford.

"Power is something that develops later," Moore says. "So as players develop power, it becomes too costly for us either to keep or acquire. So if you're not going to hit with power, you must have a good two-strike approach, you must have the ability to hit in 3-2 counts, and you must have the ability to put the ball in play with a runner at third or second. We do look at strikeouts. If you're striking out as a young player, chances are even if you develop power later, the strikeouts are going to be there."

After the 2012 season, for instance, and to much criticism, Moore traded the franchise's top prospect, 21-year-old outfielder Wil Myers, to Tampa Bay in a deal to acquire Davis and pitcher James Shields. Myers was considered one of the best hitting prospects in baseball, but he lacked the ability to consistently put the ball in play and had struck out 140 times in 134 minor league games that year.

Since then Myers has been traded again, to San Diego, and so far he is a .256 major league hitter with 236 strikeouts in 235 games. And also since then, the Royals have become the first team since the mound was lowered in 1969 to win back-to-back pennants with as few as 139 home runs in both seasons. They did so by emphasizing the skill they need most against New York: putting the ball in play.

says Murphy. “It’s fun. When you center a ball”—he claps his hands—“it’s just a really clean feeling.”

Lee Geiger, Murphy’s coach at Jacksonville’s Englewood High, recalls that Murphy would regularly linger in the school’s batting cage for up to two hours after practice had ended. “As a coach you’re happy about it, but at the same time it’s like, ‘O.K., kid, let’s go, turning the lights off,’” says Geiger.

If Murphy squared almost every ball up, he rarely did so with any power. In high school he hit as many home runs as he received college scholarship offers: one. At Jacksonville University he quickly became a team leader along with his classmate Gordie Gronkowski—the 6’ 6”, 250-pound eldest brother of the hard-partying clan that includes the star tight end for the New England Patriots, Rob.

In college, when Murphy wasn’t talking about hitting, he was hitting. “If he had a break in his class schedule, he’d hit balls off the tee still dressed in his school clothes then go back to his next class,” says then Jacksonville coach Terry Alexander. His goal was the same as it had been in high school. “He was just looking for contact,” says Chris Hayes, Jacksonville’s hitting coach at the time. “It didn’t matter where it was—he would swing at it. And he would hit it.”

The result was a high batting average—.366 over his three collegiate seasons—and a lot of singles, some doubles, but only nine home runs. When Murphy was at Jacksonville, the team was heavy with Mets lineage. The son of Tony Bernazard, who then directed the club’s minor leagues, played second base. The son of Howard Johnson, the longtime third baseman who would go on to become the Mets’ hitting coach, was an outfielder. Even though the brass in New York were familiar with Murphy, Barningham knew he would have to fight to get him drafted after his junior year. “When you go to the ballpark, you’re trying to find power, speed and throw,” says Barningham. “Daniel didn’t show any of that. But if you sat there long enough, it revealed itself.”

One day in 2006, after Murphy had gone 4 for 4 against the University of North Florida, Barningham approached the young contact hitter as he was about to take batting practice. “Hey, man,” Barningham said. “I don’t want to knock you out of your rhythm, but can you at least prove to me that you can pull the ball so I can fill out my report?”

“He hit eight out of the next 10 over the lights,” he says. “I got in the car later that afternoon, and I felt like I found Wade Boggs. This guy is sacrificing his power to hit. But there is power in there.”

96MPH

Average fastball velocity of the Mets’ postseason starters, highest of any playoff team

.284

The Royals’ batting average against pitches 95 mph or above in 2015, best in the majors

81.9%

The Royals’ contact rate, also the best in the majors in 2015

4.18

Mets pitchers’ strikeout-to-walk ratio this season, second highest in baseball history

FAST TIMES

Syndergaard regularly reaches 100 mph with his fastball, but the Royals’ lineup thrives on extreme heat.



Barningham vowed that he would not leave the Mets’ draft room until they had selected the subpar defender and base runner with nine homers in three years. “The quote I got after we took him was, ‘If this guy doesn’t hit, you’re fired,’” Barningham says. “I knew he’d hit.”

He did. His major league debut came 26 months after he’d been drafted. However, even after that batting practice session in front of Barningham, Murphy wanted nothing more than to be exactly the same type of hitter he always had been. “I’m stubborn,” he says. “I came up to the big leagues, and I could spray the ball all over the field. I enjoyed watching Tony Gwynn. That’s who I grew up on. I would try to take pitches I should probably pull and hit them the other way.”

Murphy studied hitting constantly. He rarely struck out. But he didn’t seriously consider trying to become anything different until his phone pinged with Kevin Long’s email late last January. Long’s message was, in some ways, complicated. It included thoughts on how he might sit lower in his stance, to improve his balance, and how he might adjust his hand positioning and foot plant, to improve his timing.



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THE ALL-NEW
TACOMA

At its heart, though, it was simple, and it was based on the same theory with which Long had once helped Robinson Cano transform from a high-average contact hitter into a genuine slugger. *Since you hardly ever swing and miss, why don't we see what would happen if you start looking for pitches in your wheelhouse—over the middle of the plate, or middle-in—and try to hit the crap out of them?*

Five minutes after Murphy received Long's email, he replied. Then he walked into the darkened bedroom of his off-season home in Jacksonville, where Tori was about to go to sleep.

"Baby," Murphy told his wife. "This guy gets it. He gets it. Kevin Long, he gets it."

THE EARLY results weren't good. "Oh, it most certainly wasn't working in April," Murphy says. By the end of this season's first month, Murphy was hitting .198, with two homers and a slugging percentage of .346. Even so, he stuck with the first change in hitting philosophy he'd ever even considered in his life, mostly because Long continued to explain it in a way that made sense to him.

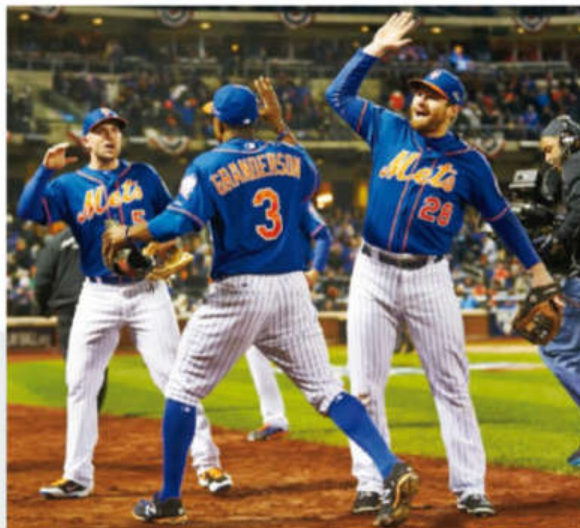
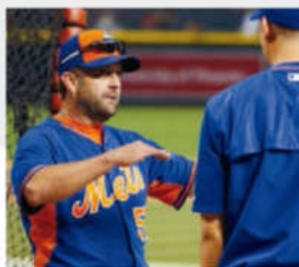
Few noticed—in part because of the nightly pyrotechnics being ignited by his new teammate Yoenis Cespedes—but Murphy became a different sort of offensive threat starting around Aug. 1, when the Mets began to race away from the Nationals to win the NL East. Over his final 50 regular-season games, Murphy hit eight homers and drove in 37 runs, with a slugging percentage, .533, that was a single point lower than Miguel Cabrera's for the year. At the same time, his batting average was as high as ever—.296—but he was striking out even less. In 2015, no one had as good a ratio of plate appearances to whiffs as Murphy's 14.2 to 1.

Everyone is noticing now. Rather than giving him a wide berth, as they might to a pitcher in the midst of a no-hitter, his teammates are all over him, as if he is a talisman whose powers are communicable by touch. "Some of the guys will come up to me and try to rub my arms," says Murphy. "I give 'em a big old hug. Take it all! I'm a hugger, anyway." Before Game 4 of the NLCS, Lucas Duda, the streaky 6' 4", 255-pound slugger who had begun the playoffs by going 3 for 24, enveloped him in a mammoth embrace. On that clinching night, Duda went 3 for 4 with a home run and five RBIs.

Murphy was the last Met to emerge from the visiting dugout at Wrigley Field after Game 4 to celebrate with the fans who had gathered above it. He had been busy accepting the NLCS MVP award—a no-doubter, as he'd batted .529 to go with his four homers. "RE-SIGN MURPHY!" the delirious fans chanted, once he appeared. "RE-SIGN MURPHY!" After seven seasons in New York he will become a free

LONG STORY

The Mets hitting coach (below) has helped both Murphy (far right) and Granderson (3) refine their swings.



"I HIT IT.
AND IT JUST
KEPT GOING.
OH MY
GOODNESS."

agent when the World Series ends. Suddenly, the city is begging the tightfisted Mets to bring him back.

From a financial perspective Murphy's breakout couldn't have come at a better moment. On Sunday Nick Cafardo of *The Boston Globe* reported that, according to an unnamed AL general manager, the second baseman might now command a five-year, \$75 million deal, and perhaps more. Murphy demurs when asked about the subject. "There's two teams right now that don't have to answer off-season questions," he says.

To the certain delight of his agency, ACES Baseball, there is, on one level, a logical way to explain how Daniel Murphy has done what he has over the past two weeks. He has, like his club, figured out how to exploit his natural gifts and his hard-earned skills. "He's a better hitter and player now than he was coming into the year," says Long. "That's all I can tell you."

So, yes, you can say that Murphy, like this iteration of his team, has tapped into something that was inside him all along, with a World Series left to prove it. Still: home runs in six straight playoff games? That's just magic. □

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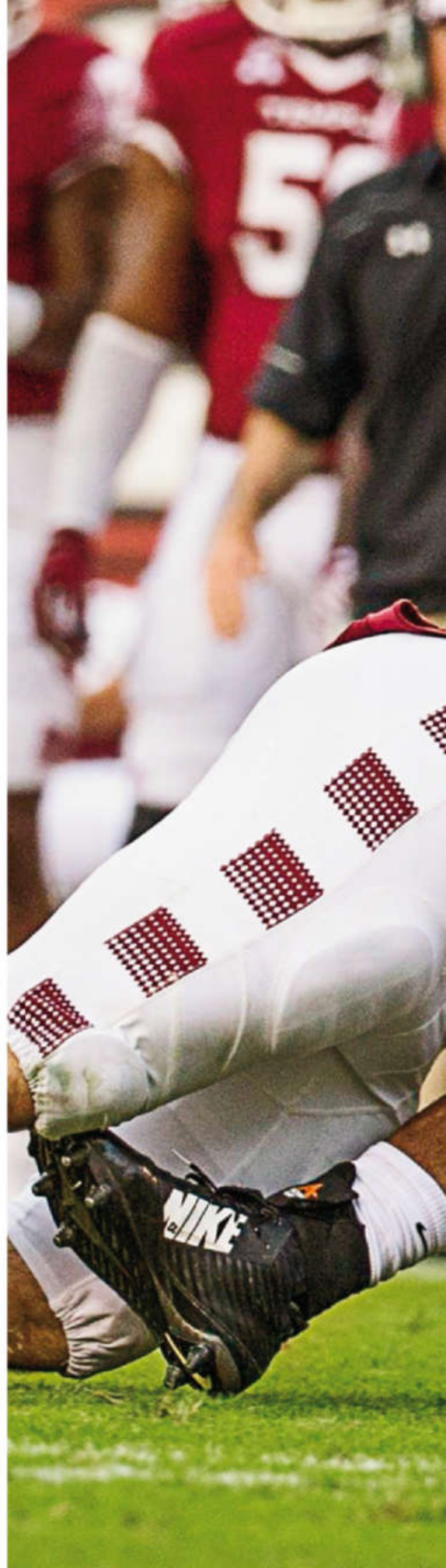
NO TRICK, JUST TREAT

NUMBER 21 TEMPLE HAS RISEN FROM NEAR DEATH
A DECADE AGO TO 7-0 AND A DATE WITH NOTRE DAME
ON ALL HALLOWS' EVE THAT COULD PUT A SCARE
INTO THE POWER 5 AND BRING THE SURPRISING
AAC INTO PLAYOFF CONSIDERATION

BY ALBERT CHEN / Photograph by **Christopher Szagola**/
Cal Sports Media

→ **TO GET TO** the heart of the best Cinderella story in college football, go north from Center City, up Broad Street, a boulevard that runs through Rittenhouse Square, Logan Square, Spring Garden and up to the gates and gray-stone buildings of Temple University, a place where football has always seemed like a closely guarded secret. The football complex lies on the very northern edge of campus, in the shadow of a rumbling train overpass, with a lone practice field enclosed by a tall steel fence, flanked by the row houses in a well-worn neighborhood where the hangouts are a dimly lit hookah lounge and a pizza joint selling \$6.99 pies.

Sunday afternoon, inside his modestly appointed office overlooking the emerald practice field, third-year coach Matt Rhule is processing the most telling indicator that his program has arrived—more significant than the 7-0 start (the best in the program's 121-year history), the No. 21 ranking (the





LION HUNTER

Ioannidis and the Owls made a statement with a 27-10 win over Penn State on Sept. 5: They may have been overlooked in recruiting, but they won't be on the scoreboard.

school's highest since 1979), the 27–10 whipping of Penn State (the first over the Nittany Lions in 74 years) and the most recent victory, a 24–14 slugfest at East Carolina on Oct. 22. “Apparently,” says Rhule, relaying a message from assistant athletic director Rich Burg, who stands nearby looking at his phone, “it’s the longest *GameDay* deliberation, ever.” The following day ESPN would announce that *GameDay* was in fact bringing its circus to Independence Mall in Philly, near Lincoln Financial Field, where the Owls play their home games, for the Oct. 31 rumble against No. 9 Notre Dame. On Halloween night Philadelphia—a football-crazed city that hasn’t hosted a college football game between two ranked opponents in more than 60 years—will become the center of the college football universe. Spooky.

Yes, Philadelphia finally gives a hoot about the Owls. It’s a feel-good story for the most hardened fans in America: a charismatic 40-year-old coach is leading a band of outcasts and late bloomers into the sport’s elite and attracting an eclectic group of fired-up supporters along the way. There’s New Jersey senator Cory Booker, who visited the team earlier this season and cited an old African proverb that’s become a mantra for the Owls: “If you want to go fast, go alone. If you want to go far, go together.” It’s plastered on signs all over the facility. Then there’s the rapper Young Jeezy, who offered words of inspiration to a different beat, riffing on facing adversity. “Basically, [it was] the exact same things I tell them every day and they tune out,” says Rhule, with a playful roll of the eyes. “Jeezy says it, and their eyes are wide-open and they’re like, Wow, now, that’s some good stuff right there.”

The Owls have not only fired up a city desperate for a winning team—the Linc sold out the Notre Dame game on Oct. 13 (though no one can say how many of the ticket buyers are Irish fans)—but they’ve also become a beacon for the Group of Five programs with dreams of crashing college football’s exclusive playoff ball. Temple is the team to champion for fans who believe the sport has become dominated by the old-money titans of the Power 5 and lorded over by the oligarchs of the NCAA, who seem to exist solely to keep out the insurgents. The Owls screech: Cinderella stories are still possible.

STROLL THROUGH the halls of the Edberg-Olson football complex, and it is apparent how different Temple is from most Top 25 programs. Unlike other schools, where teams train and practice on sprawling estates and work out in buildings that feel like five-star resorts, Temple is far from Versailles. Different units share meeting space; one room, for example, simultaneously serves as the offensive linemen’s

LAWS OF RHULE

A former Penn State linebacker, Rhule has mixed old-school grit with unorthodox methods. His defense has held opponents to 14 points or fewer four times, including last week’s win over East Carolina.



meeting room, the team’s dining room and the press-conference room. Before a 2012 renovation, players who came to the lounge to take naps between classes and practice were awakened by the rumble of the SEPTA train passing every few minutes just outside the window. Says Rhule, “We need to be a little different, a little more creative in how we do things,” so one room is the team’s virtual reality training ground, where players stand in front of screens, don goggles and experience practice reps without stepping onto a field.

Nowhere is the school’s Moneyball mentality more apparent than in recruiting. To find undiscovered talent, the Owls go the *American Idol* route, holding open auditions. In recent summers Temple has hosted one-week camps in which up to 2,000 high schoolers show up, including girls, hoping to become what Rhule calls “diamonds in the rough that we discover only by seeing with our own eyes.” Rhule estimates that 60% of



IN 2005, WHEN UNIVERSITY OFFICIALS **CONSIDERED ELIMINATING** FOOTBALL, ONLY A 8-TO-7 VOTE SAVED THE PROGRAM.

was then 6' 1" and barely 200 pounds. Rhule, an assistant when he first saw Matakevich, looked past his size and saw his potential, and the now 235-pounder has rewarded that foresight. Like Matakevich, junior defensive lineman Matt Ioannidis was mostly ignored out of Hunterdon (N.J.) Central High but is now, as the Owls' most dominant inside defender, drawing the attention of NFL scouts.

Matakevich and Ioannidis are the leaders of a unit that ranked sixth nationally in scoring defense in 2014 and has been even more fierce in '15, giving up only 14.6 points per game (down from 17.5 a year ago). The unit has allowed no more than 14 points in four of its seven games, which has allowed the Owls to come from behind in the fourth quarter three times this season. Three times Temple has been the underdog and won. Gritty, defense oriented and undaunted by adversity, the Owls are the perfect team for the City of Brotherly Love.

THINKING OF an athletic program that has come further than Temple's over the last decade is difficult. Rock bottom could have been when Temple was booted from the Big East in 2004 because of dreadful records (14 straight losing seasons) and fan apathy. Or it might have hit in '05, when university officials considered eliminating football altogether—only an 8-to-7 vote by a school committee preserved the program. Al Golden arrived as coach in '06 and restored the Owls to respectability, leading the team to 17 wins and a bowl over his final two years, '09 and '10, before his successor, Steve Addazio, followed with a nine-win season and another bowl. But Temple crumbled back to irrelevance afterward, going 4–7 in '12 and 2–10 in '13, Rhule's first season.

Rhule can seem old-school: He has a poster of John Wooden's pyramid of success on his wall, and he cites lessons that he learned as a linebacker under Joe Paterno at Penn State in the mid 1990s ("He told me I should consider being a coach, which was his nice way of saying I shouldn't play") and as an assistant offensive line coach under Tom Coughlin with the New York Giants in 2012. But Rhule is also a coach who blares Young Jeezy over the practice field, who sports a scraggly beard that makes him look as if he's wandered out of the brush on *Survivor* and who, if needed, will order his troops around like Sergeant Hartman from *Full Metal Jacket*. Players who were around after the team started 0–3 in '13 still shake their heads and shudder: Rhule, a longtime Temple assistant under Golden and Addazio, was so disgusted with the performances of the seniors that he told them to go away and not come back for a week. (The team had a bye.) He made the remaining players participate in daily scrimmages at full speed all week while running gassers in full pads for every missed third-down conversion or minor error. Young, the captain, calls it the moment the team realized, "O.K., we've got to get this fixed."

his roster came through one of these camps, including senior cornerback Tavon Young, who attended as a Maryland high schooler and caught the attention of Temple coaches during drills. He started as a true freshman and is now a team captain.

What the Temple coaches look for in a player is athleticism and versatility. "We don't worry, get too caught up, about position," Rhule says. "Once they get here, our guys will find the right place for them." That partly explains why the soul of the Owls—an impenetrable defense—is built around speedy players who fly around the field. Senior linebacker Tyler Matakevich, who leads the team in tackles and is on every major award watch list this fall, was heralded as a first baseman and catcher at Milford Academy in New Berlin, N.Y., (UConn, the school he wanted to attend, was interested in him only for baseball), but lightly recruited for football because he

The turning point for Rhule's Owls? Maybe it was their 2014 season-opening 37-7 thumping of Vanderbilt, the school's first win over an SEC team since beating Florida in 1938. Maybe it was their win late in that season against then No. 23 East Carolina, the school's first victory over a ranked opponent since '98. Rhule himself, however, looks back to the day last December when the 6-6 Owls were told they wouldn't be invited to a bowl. Rhule assembled his players and, standing next to athletic director Bill Bradshaw, broke the news. Some seniors cried. Anger reigned, along with a sense of unfinished business. In the front of the room senior captain Kenneth Harper rose from his seat. "In the end this is going to be the best thing that's happened for Temple football," he said. "Remember how this feels. Remember the pain. Remember that no one is going to give you anything, to take nothing for granted. You have to earn it."

The Owls have not lost since.



"I'M REALLY PROUD OF OUR CONFERENCE," SAYS RHULE, "BUT I DO BELIEVE THAT AS A WHOLE, WE DESERVE A LOT MORE LOVE."

NEXT WEEK the College Football Playoff committee will release its first weekly rankings and with it will come the usual fury and second-guessing. While the debates will diminish after the rivalry games and conference championships, one big question looms: What to do with the insurgents?

As it stands after Week 8, four undefeated teams come from outside the Power 5. Number 17 Toledo, the Mid-American Conference juggernaut, toppled a then-ranked SEC program (Arkansas) on the road in September. The Rockets should blast through the rest of conference play undefeated, but with no ranked opponents remaining on their schedule, they will not be able to assemble a playoff-worthy résumé. For the other unbeaten—Temple, Memphis and Houston—it's a different story. Playing out of the American Athletic Conference, that coalition of orphans from the Mid-American and Big East conferences and transplants from Conference USA, each can stake a claim to an invite if it goes unbeaten.

Memphis and Houston are offensive-minded teams led by rising young coaches. The 16th-ranked Tigers are averaging 48.9 points per game (third in the FBS), and they rocked the football world in Week 7 with a 37-24 shellacking of then No. 13 Ole Miss. The Memphis quarterback, Paxton Lynch, a 6' 7", 245-pound junior with an arm like Jameis Winston's, could be the top



quarterback in the 2016 NFL draft. The only young coach hotter than 39-year-old Justin Fuente of Memphis might be Tom Herman, 40, whose Houston team is ranked 18th and fourth in the country in scoring (47.6). The Tigers and the Cougars will claw it out on Nov. 14 in Houston. "I'm really proud of our conference—for Memphis and Houston to do what they're doing is great to watch, and gets some national attention—but I do believe that as a whole, this conference deserves a lot more love," says Rhule. After Memphis beat Temple 16-13 in Philadelphia in November 2014, Rhule climbed aboard the Memphis team bus to tell Fuente how impressed he was with the Tigers.

The Owls don't play Houston in the regular season, but Memphis comes to Philly on Nov. 21. If the Tigers beat the Cougars, they'll most likely be a Top 15 team. If Houston prevails, Memphis might still be Top 25, and Temple would be on course to face a highly ranked Cougars team in the AAC championship. Either way the Owls could finish the season with wins over Penn State, Notre Dame and a ranked Memphis or Houston, or both. That would be two Power 5 victories and three wins over ranked teams. That scenario would assure Temple of the Group of Five's slot in one of the New Year's bowls, and it would force the playoff committee to at least talk about the Owls during its deliberations.

Even if Temple falls short against the Irish, a conference championship would



HOOT AND HOLLER

Philly has embraced the Owls, who win with defense, while Houston is led by QB Greg Ward Jr. (opposite top) and Memphis by QB Lynch.

in its case. That would be a big boost for a university that has begun securing funding to build a \$100 million, 35,000-seat stadium on campus. Rhule signed a four-year extension in June, though with each victory the rumors of his departure for a bigger program heat up—he's recently been mentioned in connection with openings at Maryland, Virginia and Virginia Tech. Last week, during a visit to a Philadelphia hospital, employees mobbed him. "Last week, they were taking photos with the Pope," says Burg. "Now it's Matt Rhule."

On Friday, the day after his team's win over East Carolina, Rhule woke up before dawn and decided to walk to work. He left his downtown apartment, where he lives with his wife, Julie, and two kids, Bryant, 11, and Vivienne, 2, and walked past the multimillion-dollar town houses of Rittenhouse Square, the middle-class neighborhoods of Logan and Spring Garden's working-class enclave, up Broad Street toward campus. Everywhere along the four-mile path people stopped to shake his hand, honked their horns and rolled down their

still be the biggest achievement in the history of a program that has played in three different conferences over the last 11 years (between the Big East and AAC, the Owls took up residence in the MAC), and doesn't have a conference title trophy of any kind

windows, screaming, "Seven and oh!" Says Rhule, "They say the fans here are the toughest, and that may be so, but there's nowhere better if you're winning. This is fun, but it's just the start." He claps his hands and rubs them together; six days until the biggest college football game in Philly in years, and the coach is ready to rock. "Now," he says with a grin, "comes the hard part." □

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AT FIRST GLANCE the Rugby World Cup is the greatest celebration of national stereotypes since It's a Small World opened at Disneyland. Italian fans came dressed as pizza slices, Welshmen wore sheep's clothing, Aussies arrived in striped prison jumpsuits, and every French fan was reduced to a beret and a baguette. Step up to a stainless-steel urinal trough at a stadium in England or Wales over the last six weeks, and you saw English knights dropping chain-mail trousers, Tonga supporters parting grass skirts and kilted Scotsmen fartin' through tartan.

When Canada played Italy during the group stages of the tournament, a man in a bear costume—presumably standing in for the whole of Canada—ran onto the pitch at Elland Road stadium in Leeds and was promptly tackled by security guards. His head rolled but was quickly retrieved, and the man was allowed, for dignity's sake, to wear the bear's head when frog-marched off to detention, a faraway look in his unblinkable eyes.

Even the players play dress-up. Two years ago this Halloween week, a member of the Scottish national team, Ryan Wilson, walked into a fast-food restaurant in Glasgow at 2 a.m. dressed as Batman. When he attacked a man inside Barbeque Kings, a second player—Ally Mclay, dressed as Tweedledee—confronted Wilson with the now famous phrase, “Leave it, Batman.” Wilson/Batman then assaulted Mclay/Tweedledee in front of various witnesses, among them a minion from *Despicable Me* and a giant red crayon.

Of all the stereotypes offered at the 2015 Rugby World Cup, the most persistent are attached to the players themselves, most of whom are presumed by much of the world to be hard-drinking hard men playing through pain for national pride. You expected the Australians to play AC/DC's “Back in Black” at an ear-shattering volume during practice

*CHAIN-MAIL
TROUSERS,
PREGAME
PYROTECHNICS,
THE MORE-THAN-
OCCASIONAL
BROKEN BONE . . .
WELCOME TO
**THE RUGBY
WORLD CUP,**
WHICH BROUGHT
THE GAME TO
ITS ANCESTRAL
HOME AND
SHOWCASED
THE PLANET'S
TOUGHEST
ATHLETES
AND MOST
COLORFUL FANS*

**BY STEVE
RUSHIN**

Photographs by
Thomas Lovelock
For Sports Illustrated



WALLABIES WALL

Australia (in yellow) advanced to the semifinals by defeating Scotland on a last-minute penalty kick.



at London's Twickenham Stadium, while the team bus, festooned with wallabies, waited outside—and that's precisely what you got.

But if this Saturday's World Cup final between Australia and New Zealand at Twickenham reveals anything, it will be national character more than these national caricatures. New Zealand, the reigning World Cup champion, is the odds-on favorite to win the Webb Ellis Cup, and if the All Blacks are the only thing the world knows of New Zealand, well, they still make a fine national hood ornament. "The All Blacks," as Ireland international Mike Gibson once said, "are the national virility symbol."

The Haka, the All Blacks' pregame Maori war dance, remains a fearsome sight, though less so when performed by the happy drunks packed elbow-to-elbow inside The Eel Pie pub, a short walk from Twickenham Stadium, which is on Rugby Road, not far from the world's most famous rugby pub, The Cabbage Patch, itself a stone's throw from The William Webb Ellis, yet another rugby pub, named for the so-called inventor of rugby, whose rules were first codified just 90 miles north of here at Rugby School, in Rugby, England, a phrase—Rugby, England—that's been a redundancy throughout October.

Twickenham is ground zero of world rugby, its high street closed to traffic on match days, its front gardens given over to grilled meats, Cub Scouts painting New Zealand and Australian flags on faces, a lone bagpiper in a Slipknot shirt knocking out a stirring rendition of the theme from *Star Wars*, tips thrown into his upturned tam-o'-shanter.

And so it will go on Saturday, as fans walk that green mile to the stadium with equal parts joy and foreboding. To see the All Blacks doing the Haka inside Twickenham, and the flames shooting up from the sidelines like hellfire, and 82,000 fans counting down to kickoff—10, 9, 8, as if reading the final seconds on the doomsday clock—is to be seized by the sudden sense of impending apocalypse that precedes every World Cup rugby match.

English novelist Julian Barnes has written of *le reveil mortel*, the "wake-up call to mortality," those moments when you are abruptly reminded that you are destined to die. "My wake-up call frequently shrills at the start of a sports event on television," Barnes wrote, "especially, for some reason, during the Five (now Six) Nations rugby tournament."

Mercifully the bottled violence about to be unstopped before these games is undercut by the crowd, whose costumes



build a sense of conviviality among rival supporters, many of whom wear split scarves—featuring both teams—and split outfits: A bagpiper in a corked Australian outback hat, for instance, or a Wales jersey paired with a Japanese *hachimaki* bandana.

The entire rugby-playing world became fans of Japan when that latecomer to the sport stunned South Africa 34–32 in a group stage match on Sept. 19. It was the biggest upset in rugby history. So historic was this Miracle on Rice that the Brave Blossoms' victory over Samoa two games later was witnessed by 25 million people in Japan, hosts of the next World Cup, in 2019. That's 20% of the nation and the largest domestic audience ever to watch a rugby match on TV.

Between those wins against South Africa and Samoa, Japan lost to Scotland without winger Akihito Yamada. That's because Japan had followed its victory over the Springboks with a recovery swim in the sea off Brighton, where Yamada was stung on the foot by the

RUGBY ROAD

Supporters from around the world flooded the streets and pubs around Twickenham Stadium, proudly displaying their national pride and poking fun at the clichés about their countries.





poisonous spine of a weever fish. “It hurt like crazy,” Yamada said. “I’m never going in the ocean again.”

It was the first and last admission of physical pain during the entire tournament, which began on Sept. 18 with a field of 20 countries. As a chalked-up sandwich board outside one pub read, FOOTBALL IS 90 MINUTES OF PRETENDING YOU’RE HURT, RUGBY IS 80 MINUTES OF PRETENDING YOU’RE NOT.

That sign makes a fair point, as every single injury at the Rugby World Cup was described as a “knock” or a “niggle” or a nuisance. It seemed as if most of the Wales’ roster was felled by serious injury during the World Cup, but the team advanced to the quarterfinals anyway. The players began to sound like Monty Python’s Black Knight, protesting that every limb amputation was but a flesh wound.

After a group stage win over Fiji on Oct. 1, Wales forwards coach Robin McBryde said of two key players, “Dan Lydiate and Bradley Davies are a bit battered, but they are fine.” McBryde, a former international hooker, was also the winner of Wales’ Strongest Man Competition in 1992, so his pain tolerance may be higher than most, especially when you consider that the “fine” Lydiate needed a plate inserted into his left eye socket. “So he’s fine now,” said Wales head coach Warren Gatland, inevitably.

All of this is to say that the Rugby World Cup is not the more famous FIFA World Cup, and it is quite keen to make that distinction clear. No sport has inspired as many aphorisms as rugby, the best known of which goes, “Soccer is a gentleman’s sport played by hooligans; rugby is a hooligan’s sport played by gentlemen.” But there’s also this one, spotted on a T-shirt at Twickenham: IF I WANT TO SPEND 90 MINUTES WATCHING MEN STRUGGLE TO SCORE, I’LL GO TO THE PUB.

Spoiler alert: That guy is going to the pub anyway. Indeed, he was standing in line at one of the stadium’s many bars—The Sin Bin, maybe, or possibly The Third Half—where fans are given convenient cup holsters that allow them to carry away

THE HAKA,
THE ALL
BLACKS’
PREGAME
MAORI WAR
DANCE,
REMAINS A
FEARSOME
SIGHT,
THOUGH LESS
SO WHEN
PERFORMED
BY HAPPY
DRUNKS.



After disporting in the altogether for a bit, he was finally caught by three London policemen, one of whom—history records him as constable Bruce Perry—placed his bobby helmet over O’Brien’s meat and two veg. An American photographer named Ian Bradshaw captured the moment for posterity. Even in captivity, O’Brien looked so proud—so smugly self-satisfied—that the helmet most likely would have remained in place even had Perry stopped holding it.

This year, in addition to the headless bear in Leeds, a South Africa supporter ran onto the pitch at Villa Park in Birmingham and tried to join a ruck in jeans and a Springboks shirt, but he was summarily taken down by Samoa tackler Vavao Afemai. “I don’t know if he was drunk or just an idiot,” said halfback Kahn Fotuali’i, unaware that

as many as six beers in each hand.

As if to underscore that this sport isn’t that other sport, rugby fans are allowed to drink beer in their seats, a privilege not afforded to England’s soccer supporters. As with most hard-earned rights—free speech and freedom of assembly come to mind—the right to drink in one’s seat is exercised robustly and conspicuously at Twickers. At halftime of the Scotland-Australia quarterfinal, with the Bravehearts holding an improbable one-point lead that wouldn’t last, the in-house emcee interviewed a kilted man in the front row, an exchange that was broadcast on the jumbotron to 77,110 spectators. “Can you keep it up in the second half?” the interviewer wanted to know.

“Are we talkin’ about the rugby?” replied the man, as the emcee hastily pulled the microphone away.

Built in 1909 on the site of a former cabbage patch, Twickenham Stadium reached a pinnacle of perfection in 1974, when an Australian accountant named Michael O’Brien streaked onto the pitch at halftime of an England-France match.

these things are seldom an either-or proposition, and that pitch invaders are usually both at the same time.

THE SIGNS on the platform at the Twickenham train station welcomed the world with these words: TWICKENHAM—HOME OF ENGLAND RUGBY. “Not anymore,” said a 10-year-old boy in a Scotland jersey, disembarking there with his dad and grandfather before the Scotland-Australia quarterfinal on Oct. 18. The boy posed for a photograph beneath the sign while making a loser’s L on his forehead.

The host nation had long since crapped out of the Rugby World Cup in the group stages, just as England has done at the last cricket and soccer World Cups too, and is likely to do at the next Quidditch World Cup. Eclipsed in the sports they invented and exported, England fans either threw themselves behind another rugby team or longed for happier times.

En route to the quarterfinals at the last World Cup, in New Zealand in 2011, some England players enjoyed a night out in Queenstown, and photos posted to social media showed them posing with the human projectiles of a bar’s “dwarf-tossing” spectacle. The bar manager assured the tabloids that England players behaved impeccably that night, defending the team with this memorable quote: “They were great lads, not throwing the midgets.”

In fairness to England, the U.S. also went out in the group stages this year, losing all four of its matches, including a 64–0 squeaker to South Africa. But America is a developing rugby nation, likely to improve. “The U.S. will be much better in 20 years’ time,” said an Englishman in his 20s on a postgame train from Twickenham, urging an American to look on the bright side. “And now you have a sport that isn’t rubbish to watch.” After a moment of reflection he said, “It’s not the rugby that makes your country a laughingstock. It’s the guns.”

As for England, they will always have the memory of 2003, when Jonny Wilkinson’s late kick in Sydney won them the World Cup, making Wilko the *beau ideal* of the English sportsman or—in the words of one English friend—“what David Beckham was supposed to have been.”

In rugby you’re never far from a withering reference to soccer. When Scotland fullback Stuart Hogg appeared to dive in the hope of being awarded a penalty in an early-round match against South Africa at St. James’ Park—usually the home of Newcastle United of the Barclays Premier League—Welsh referee Nigel Owens dressed him down in public. “If you want to dive like that again,” Owens said, in comments picked up by a microphone, “come back here in two weeks and play.”



THE BIG DANCE

In the World Cup final Australia (left) will meet the heavily favored rival All Blacks of New Zealand (right), whose pregame Haka is a show of its own.

The rugby referee is God, or at the very least, Dad. In the 38th minute of the Scotland-Australia quarterfinal, during a rare break in play, one Scotland player asked South African referee Craig Joubert for permission to tie his own boot. “Do it quickly, yeah,” Joubert sighed.

The referee is seldom criticized, even when he gets things terribly wrong, as Joubert would do at the end of that match. Under a gunmetal sky, in a curtain of rain, Scotland lost on a last-second penalty kick that Joubert mistakenly awarded. “He’s refereeing in front of millions of people, so I understand,” Scotland back-row David Denton said afterward. “But it’s affecting us for the rest of our lives, and affecting a nation.”

While rugby’s code forbids acknowledgment of physical pain—“We’re unbreakable,” said Bravehearts captain Greig Laidlaw—the same is not true of emotional turmoil. Denton, Scotland’s 6’ 5” loose forward, met his family immediately after the loss to Australia, and the tears were copious. “We could have filled a bathtub,” he said, a shiner starting to form beneath his left eye.

Scotland—and every other team in the tournament—aspires to express its national values through rugby. “There’s so much humility to them,” coach Vern Cotter said of his team. “There’s no egos in the squad,” said Denton. Given one last chance to blame the referee for his team’s loss, he said only, “In this case, fortune didn’t favor the brave.”

These verities—of courage, respect, humility and perseverance—were impossible to ignore, even when



overshadowed by, say, that man in the star-spangled bikini, cheering on the Eagles in Leeds.

When Wales, depleted by the countless injuries they refused to acknowledge, also succumbed late to favored South Africa in another quarterfinal at Twickenham, Gareth Thomas, once Wales's captain and now a television analyst, said of the squad, "What they've done in this World Cup has highlighted how three million people live their lives."

With that in mind, many English fans suddenly became Scottish or Welsh, pairing England shirts with tartan tams or dragon hats. And it wasn't only the English. Rory Steinle was wearing a Wales jersey while standing outside the White Swan pub, overlooking the River Thames, on a gorgeous matchday Saturday in Twickenham. He's Australian, he said, from Sydney, but his father is Welsh and his mother is Scottish. Steinle also brought "a new Australia jersey that fits me better," he said, plucking at his Wales shirt, which was from the 2011 World Cup. "I'm expanding."

A lower-division rugby player in Sydney, Steinle has broken both hands, both shoulders, a leg and several ribs playing rugby. Forty-eight hours earlier his girlfriend, Chelsea Hancock, fell near the pinnacle of a mountain in Scotland and broke her leg. "She's back in the hotel room with her leg in the air," said Steinle, who could empathize. "The first year we dated, I was in hospital 10 times."

He said all of this in a matter-of-fact manner. If the 31-year-old could still shrug his shoulders, no doubt he would have. "It's rugby," he said, a phrase that came up frequently, as when he said by way of parting, "When you see some 200-pound piece rush up to the referee to say, 'I'm sorry about that penalty, sir, I didn't mean it'—that's rugby."

And then he was on his way, with thousands of other fans, making the 15-minute walk to Twickenham

THIS OPEN INVITATION TO INJURY, IN THE SERVICE OF SOMETHING LARGER THAN ONESELF—WELL, THAT'S RUGBY.



boys and have a little fun—I think everyone deserves it."

Like Strauss, aka The Beard That's Feared, few were eager to leave the World Cup, with its pubs and pies and camaraderie, its lineouts and knock-ons and kickoffs.

On his final night in London, one spectator woke in the predawn darkness—*le reveil mortel* often visits him in hotel rooms in the middle of the night—and turned on the TV. The former All Blacks star Ali Williams was being interviewed on a replay of the BBC show *Extra Time*. Asked if anger was a motivation for playing international rugby, Williams suggested it was something like the opposite. "To put yourself in pain is probably [how] I'd put it," he said, describing rugby as a joyful willingness—an eagerness—to open oneself to the certainty of physical peril.

"I'll be vulnerable here to injury; I'm going to just go through it," Williams said of his mind-set, and this open invitation to injury, in the service of something larger than oneself—well, that's rugby. "I loved it," he said. "[I] miss it." Anyone who attended the World Cup, and was suddenly headed home, felt exactly the same way. □

Stadium, past The William Webb Ellis and the world-famous Cabbage Patch, in front of which Springbok fans were playing street rugby, replete with tackles. They passed food trucks and front gardens, where vendors sold a dizzying variety of rugby-nation foods—Cornish pasties, bangers and mash, Braai, biltong, boerwors and burgers.

Inside Twickers, players pulled at one another by the back of their shorts, revealing miles of what Americans call plumber's crack and Brits call builder's bum. Beyond these superficial differences of a common language, the world was otherwise in harmony. The uprights looked like tuning forks, and everyone thrummed at the same frequency. The World in Union was the slogan of this World Cup, a play on words referring not just to international brotherhood but to the game of rugby union, as distinct from rugby league. The differences are hardly worth going into, except to quote Tom David, the former Wales international, who once said, "The main difference between playing league and union is now I get my hangovers on Monday instead of Sunday."

When Scotland was eliminated from the World Cup, its magnificently bearded flanker, Josh Strauss, pronounced himself "gutted" but said he would nevertheless "go out with the





PRO FOOTBALL

LAY IT ON THE LINE

A PIANO-PLAYING, JET-SETTING, CABIN-BUILDING OFFENSIVE LINE COACH IS BLOWING UP THE WAY BLOCKERS DO THEIR BUSINESS—AND HE'S BUILT A FRONT FIVE THAT'S THE KEY TO THE BENGALS' UNBEATEN START

BY GREG A. BEDARD

Photographs by **AJ Mast** for Sports Illustrated

"A man's mind, [when] stretched by a new idea . . . never shrinks back to its former dimensions."

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes*

The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table



WALK THROUGH the Bengals' locker room, past the double doors on the far side. Turn left before the auditorium and head up the stairs. Open the first door on the right.

You've arrived at the meeting room of the offensive line, and you can almost guess what it's like before you enter. The atmosphere will be antiseptic. The players will speak only when spoken to. The coach will engage in a stern dissection of past mistakes.

But not here, not under Paul Alexander, Cincinnati's O-line guru for the past 21 seasons. This space is more living room than meeting room. Photos adorn the walls: past players; a group outing; Alexander smiling over a meal; his wife and three daughters. There are bags and cans of the players' favorite snacks—sunflower seeds and every imaginable variety of peanut. And as the Tuesday meeting gets going, the 55-year-old Alexander asks questions and solicits input. He's more like a cool professor than a coach. Together, players and assistants construct scouting reports on the whiteboard. "Got to cover him and beat his ass," left

HOG HEAVEN

Since arriving four years ago, Cincy's QB has gotten Secret Service-like protection: Among full-time starters in 2015, only the Jets' Ryan Fitzpatrick has been sacked fewer times than Dalton's six.

BENGALS O-LINE

tackle Andrew Whitworth says of one upcoming opponent. “I think he’s soft.”

How is Cincinnati 6–0? There’s the obvious: MVP candidate Andy Dalton has the NFL’s highest passer rating (116.1), while the offense ranks second in yards per play (6.4), first in passing yards per attempt (9.1) and third in points per game (30.3). And there’s the less obvious: While other teams scramble to address the fallout from dysfunctional O-lines—franchise quarterbacks KO’d by sacks, running games stuck in neutral—Alexander’s unit protects and pummels, opening holes as it opens minds.

Through six games the front five has been responsible for just one of Dalton’s six sacks, according to Pro Football Focus. (The rest can be chalked up to plays that broke down and bad blocks elsewhere.) Beyond that, the linemen have given up just three additional hits, meaning that Dalton has been touched, as the result of their lapses, a grand total of *four times*. That works out to 1.9% of his 210 drop-backs. The league average is 7.4%.

And that isn’t some early-season anomaly. Since 2007, when the stat was first kept, the Bengals rank first in PFF’s pass-blocking-efficiency statistic (“a rating that reflects the most efficient pass blockers on a per-pass-blocking snap basis”) at 84.1%. The league average is 79.5%. And Cincinnati has been remarkably consistent year to year, ranking outside the top six of that stat just once.

Those formidable figures all start with two people: Alexander, the brains of the operation, and the 10-year vet Whitworth, very much its heart. “Obviously, we do it a little differently in Cincy,” says backup tackle Eric Winston, who has played for three other teams in 10 seasons. “And I think it works really well. It’s hard to argue with the results.”

LET’S BEGIN with Paul Alexander’s hobbies. He builds log cabins, including one on Skaneateles Lake in central New York, near his hometown. He’s a noted horticulturist. He has visited every major metropolitan art museum in the U.S. He’s an avid traveler, favoring Europe. When he was 45 he started playing piano in order to help his fourth-grade daughter (who at the time was being trained by Austrian concert pianist Albert Mühlböck). Alexander is now himself a conservatory-level pianist. In 2011 he wrote a book,

Perform, that examines elite performance in any arena. And he can sing.

Oh, and there was that time in May 2014 when he conducted the Hamilton (Ohio) Fairfield Symphony Orchestra in Mozart’s *“Eine Kleine Nachtmusik.”* Before one movement Alexander told the group to imagine they were biting into chocolate-covered cherries. Then he gave one to each of them. “He was very conscious of talking to [the performers], treating them like human beings,” says Paul Stanbery, the group’s music director. “They so much respect it when whoever is leading them knows they are people, not just musicians. A lot of conductors and coaches lose sight of that. For Paul, I think that’s at the heart of his success.”

Alexander’s thirst for knowledge—and his ability to share it—may have started with his mother, Shirley, who was a teacher. But football is where he first fully applied it. After being named Academic All-America at Cortland (N.Y.) State, where he played along the line, Alexander’s first three college jobs were under Joe Paterno (Penn State, 1983–84), Bo Schembechler (Michigan, ’85–86) and Herb Deromedi (Central Michigan, ’87–91). All three are in the College Football Hall of Fame.

Just as important: “All three were completely different,” says Alexander. “I saw assistants leave those coaches and try to [imitate] them elsewhere. And they failed. The greatest thing I learned in

PHOTO ILLUSTRATION BY S. PREMEDI

ANDRE SMITH RT

The No. 6 pick in 2009 has gone from flabby to fabulous.

KEVIN ZEITLER RG

In his coach’s words: “determined beyond description.”

RUSSELL BODINE C

Alexander saw him as the toughest kid in the ’14 draft.

CLINT BOLING LG

Hasn’t surrendered a sack in 360 snaps, tops for left guards.



those first 10 years was, Don't try to be someone else. Just be whoever you are."

After two years with the Jets, Alexander went to Cincinnati, where he led the tight ends under offensive line coach Jim McNally, considered by many to be the original mad scientist of line play. McNally invented an array of techniques that are now considered fundamentals: the drop step, in which a lineman gains position despite losing ground; the duck demeanor—feet turned out, knees in line with the hips; and the "double-under" zone run-blocking technique, in which a lineman turns his palms upside down in order to get under a defender's pads and then lifts while moving his feet.

When Alexander took over the line in 1995, the tinkering continued. "There are two types of pass-blocking techniques," one college line coach recently told a visiting Bengals scout. "The type everyone teaches. And the type the Bengals teach."

Consider how most tackles block an outside pass rusher, at every level from Pop Warner to the pros. After a couple of kick steps back, the blocker punches the D-end's upper body with both hands to blunt the coming attack, then moves like a basketball player trying to stay in front of his man. But you won't see a Cincinnati lineman punch. "I wasn't a basketball player," Alexander says. "I was a wrestler. We try to use the opponent's



WHOSE LINE IS IT ANYWAY?

That'd be Alexander's. He has spent 21 years teaching Bengals blockers how to think outside the box.

"HOW HE TEACHES, THE PROPS AND TOOLS HE USES—IT'S DIFFERENT," SAYS JACKSON. "BUT THE RESULTS ARE OUTSTANDING."

ANDREW WHITWORTH LT
Leader of the line—and one of the NFL's best blindside protectors.



momentum against him, which just comes natural from my experience in wrestling."

Alexander's mantra is, *Block your man like a top. Don't put your body in front of a force when you can just as easily deflect it.* What he means: Instead of punching out against an outside rusher, as most coaches teach, a Bengals lineman will use what Alexander calls a "pommel technique." The blocker reaches his outside arm outside the defender to slow his rush and disrupt his balance. The lineman then moves his feet in order to close down the separation, smothering the rusher with his entire body. In essence he halts the momentum of the outside-spinning top.

The same no-punch rule goes for inside pass-rush moves, when the O-lineman's first act goes against just about every manual: He drops his inside hand. Then, when the defender commits to a move—say, a swim or a club—the lineman will lift that inside hand to the defender's chest and put his outside hand into the defender's hip, spinning him around, against his desired momentum.

Alexander applies similarly unconventional wisdom to zone blocking. Most linemen focus on getting from their initial double team to the linebacker at the next level. But Alexander prefers his linemen to double-team too long rather than leave too early. To practice this, the Bengals work in pairs, shuffling 10 yards downfield with a blocking bag sandwiched between them. Then there's Alexander's invention, the Rogers Lev Sled,

a more complicated blocking sled with pads that can be lifted, which helps players develop the proper technique of driving with their hips. It's now the norm on practice fields.

This kind of creativity is not always immediately embraced. "We always used to butt heads," says Hue Jackson, Cincinnati's offensive coordinator and former running backs coach. "When I was made coordinator [in 2014], we spent some time going over all the ways he taught things. Sitting there with him, it made me realize how good he was. How he teaches, the different props and tools he uses—it's different. But the results are outstanding."

IF ALEXANDER is the Michelangelo of NFL assistants, the Bengals have provided him with more than enough Carrara marble. Right tackle Andre Smith was the sixth pick in the 2009 draft out of Alabama; right guard Kevin Zeitler from Wisconsin went 27th in '12. Whitworth, an LSU grad, was a second-rounder. Left guard Clint Boling (Georgia) and center Russell Bodine (North Carolina) were taken in the fourth. Even with those five players progressing, Cincinnati used its first two choices last spring to prepare for the future: tackles Cedric Ogbuehi of Texas A&M and Jake Fisher of Oregon. "I've stayed here so long because I truly believe that I have the best assistant coaching job in the league," Alexander says. "[The personnel people] value our opinions

BENGALS O-LINE



and we respect theirs. It's done in that way."

This season Boling is PFF's fifth-rated left guard; he has not allowed a sack in 360 snaps, a league high for his position. Which means he's come a long way. Boling's 2011 rookie year was "not very good," Alexander recalls. "I told him he'd never play for me unless he fixed some things—and he did. He has worked to increase his flexibility and improve his technique as much as any guy."

Powerfully strong, Zeitler is PFF's sixth-ranked right guard, and he's begun to play to his potential in part, Alexander says, because he's learned to not be such a perfectionist.

Smith is almost unrecognizable from the flabby Alabama prospect who walked out of the 2009 scouting combine unannounced. Now regarded as one of the best right tackles in the league, he's also respected for his quiet leadership. Bodine, at 23 the youngest of the group, is seen by some as the weak link—PFF has him ranked 27th among centers who've played 50% of their teams' snaps—but Alexander is unwavering in his support: "I took Bodine because he was the toughest kid in the draft. He's inconsistent, but he's young."

And then there's Whitworth. At 6' 7" and 330 pounds, with a bald head and salt-and-pepper beard, he radiates class, confidence. Inside his locker, engraved on his lock box, is a passage: *I want to inspire people. I want someone to look at me and say, "Because of you, I didn't give up."* Tacking up a motivational message like this is one thing. Living up to it is another.

This off-season, as he approached the final year of his contract, Whitworth watched his team draft two potential replacements—even though he was a 2012 Pro Bowler and always the first one to switch positions when injuries struck. How did he react? By reaching out to both rookies, inviting them to his house and offering

COMPLEMENTARY BENGALS

Dalton and his
staunch protectors,
from left to right:
Smith, Zeitler, Bodine,
Boling and Whitworth.



Check out
TheMMQB.com's
NFL podcast each
week with Andy
Benoit and Robert
Klemko at
SI.com/podcasts

any help they needed. "At the end of the day, who you are as a man is more important than who you are as a football player," says Whitworth, who in September signed a one-year extension. "For [those guys] to one day be as good as they can possibly be is more important than whether or not they beat me out. If you're a true warrior, competition doesn't scare you. It makes you better."

And for those two rookies, the competition is fierce. Whitworth trails only the Browns' Joe Thomas, the Cowboys' Tyron Smith and the Saints' Terron Armstead in PFF's left tackle rankings, and he hasn't given up a sack since the Bengals' wild-card loss to the Chargers in the 2013 playoffs. His subsequent 819 snaps without allowing a QB takedown mark the longest such streak in the NFL and the third longest for a left tackle since '07. Furthermore, he believes that, at 33, he could outperform his 24-year-old rookie self. Whitworth has used everything from yoga and running to MMA and Crossfit to redefine his body, while his technical skills have progressed to the point that Alexander often outsources his toughest jobs to him.

"I'll tell [Whitworth], 'Fisher's driving me crazy; will you go fix him for me?' And he'll do it," says the coach. "There are a handful of guys in the league like him. He's a 24-karat person."

INSIDE THE meeting room, Alexander is going over assignments before an on-field individual period. Players will pair off by position and drill to improve one another's weakest technique. This is a key part of the system. Alexander has his rookie linemen attend the Coaches of Offensive Linemen Clinic in Cincinnati each May in order to learn to think like coaches. Then those newbies assist Alexander at his own line camp, at Illinois Wesleyan University in June, because, he says, if they can't *teach* his techniques, then they don't properly understand them.

Today, Fisher is to help Whitworth stay on his block a little longer. The veteran, in turn, will assist Fisher in perfecting his hand placement by throwing an array of hand moves at the rookie.

"Your timing of putting your hands on the guy still isn't quite right, but it's getting closer," Alexander says before they head out onto the practice field. "We need to get that right."

Whitworth looks patiently at Fisher, who just nods. The look says, *You and I are going to get this right.* And they will, the Bengals' way. □


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THE FAMILY BUSINESS

At **Archibald & Woodrow's BBQ** in Alabama, Woodrow Washington III continues an epic legacy.



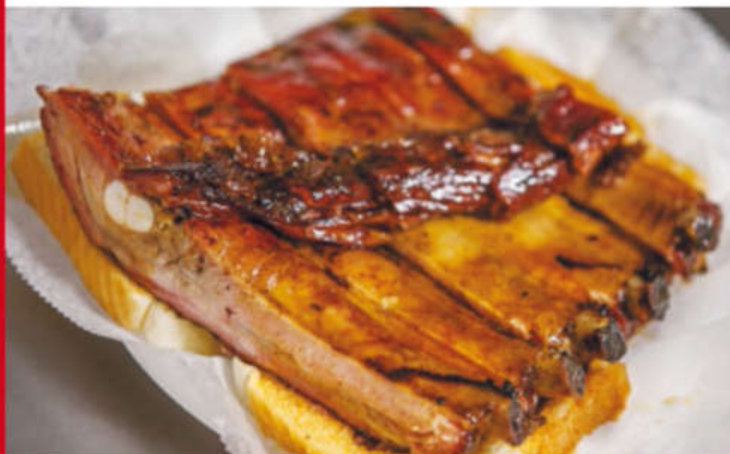
WOODROW WASHINGTON III HAS BEEN COOKING RIBS WITH THE FAMILY RECIPE HIS ENTIRE LIFE.

THERE'S AN OLD STORY IN ALABAMA

that when legendary coach Paul "Bear" Bryant died, he was buried in his trademark houndstooth hat with barbecue sauce stains on his tie. Not just any sauce. It was the signature sauce of the legendary Archibald's: the sauce that is the lifeblood of the family that has owned and operated the restaurant since it first opened in 1962.

"I've heard that story, but I wasn't at the funeral!" laughs Woodrow Washington III, current owner of all three Archibald's locations. "I don't know if it's a folk tale or not, but it's a good one."

Apocryphal or not, it's not hard to believe—Alabamians love Archibald's so much, the governor inducted it into the brand-new Alabama Barbecue Hall of Fame earlier this year. Not much has changed about Archibald's ribs since it opened: Washington's grandmother, Betty, was mixing batches of the sauce during the Kennedy administration and passed the recipe down through the family. Granddad George Sr. used logs of hickory wood in his fires, which still fuel the pits today.



From humble beginnings in a spot behind the family home just over the river from Tuscaloosa, Archibald's remains a true family affair. Washington's mother, father and uncle mixed sauce and grilled ribs to perfection in the original, still-standing Archibald's, before passing the torch and tongs to Washington and his siblings, Lashawn, Reginald, and Dalvin. In 2002, Washington helped open Archibald's II, which soon joined a third location under the name Archibald and Woodrow's BBQ.

Washington balances life as a captain in the Tuscaloosa Fire Department with his time stoking the massive fires that cook Archibald's world-famous pork ribs, which are cooked almost entirely by feel.

"Everybody has worked in the family at least a little bit," says Washington with a chuckle. "We all do the same style of cooking, but every chef has his own little way of cooking. My grandparents gave us all the recipe, but there wasn't any kind of competition. Just working!"

Archibald's ribs have fed generations of customers, many of whom stalk the sidelines on Saturdays. Washington says he once witnessed an Alabama lineman wolf down a full slab and a half, or more than three and a half pounds of ribs, in one sitting. "You always hear stories, but I saw this for myself," Washington says. "I won't tell his name!"

Archibald's famous sauce will hopefully be available in bottle form soon at archibaldbbq.com, but if you want to get the Archibald's taste at your own tailgate or backyard, Washington says to skip buying a grill and build your own.

"I can get four cinder blocks and a grate," says Washington, "and cook like we cook in the restaurant."

Forget fancy temperature gauges or massaged meat. This true grillmaster was raised on open fires, hickory wood and family.

Washington's final bit of advice? He says: "Cook with a little love, too."

— Evan Scott Schwartz



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IT'S A Sunday in late August, an hour and a half before the biggest game of their lives, and the five teammates are remarkably calm. Hunched on folding chairs pulled into the center of their Madison Square Garden dressing room, they listen intently as coach Chris Ehrenreich, three years removed from a stint

as an undergraduate assistant with the Clemson football team, reminds them not to let the crowd noise rattle them. Assistant coach Tony Gray, 22, runs through the X's and O's one last time. Fruit and whole-grain bread sit on a table, ready to nourish the team during intermissions. The huddle breaks, and the players chat as they begin their individual warmup drills.

Ninety minutes later, as nearly 12,000 fans scream and smack their Thunderstix together, the members of Counter Logic Gaming (CLG) walk onstage to face their most hated rival, Team SoloMid (TSM), in a best-of-five series to determine the



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OF SPORTS
MILLIONAIRES—BUT
THE COMPETITORS
STILL CARE ONLY
ABOUT THE GAME**

By Stephanie Apstein

GAM THRO

North American champion in the video game *League of Legends*.

For CLG's Peter (Doublelift) Peng, 22, it's a high point after years of disappointment. Thin, bespectacled and wickedly smart, he's in some ways the stereotype of the gamer, having picked up the hobby as a young teen in San Juan Capistrano, Calif., looking to fill lonely afternoons. His rise to the top of the *League of Legends* rankings was swift. He turned pro at 17, and within a year he was reaching out to the online gamer community for toothpaste and a spare couch; his parents, upset that his 4.3 GPA was not going to lead to a career in medicine, had kicked him out. Today, at the World's Most Famous Arena, with fans screaming his on-screen name and wearing CLG jerseys with DOUBLELIFT emblazoned on the back, he's on the cusp of mainstream fame. Not that he cares.

"SportsCenter is here!" someone says excitedly. "They're doing a live shot."

"Is SportsCenter a TV channel?" asks Doublelift. "Sorry, I don't know anything about real sports."

CARL SCHEFFEL/MAG PHOTOS (2)





THUNDERDOME

Nearly 12,000 rapt fans clapped Thunderstix and cheered the action on the big screen at the Garden as CLG and TSM battled for North American supremacy in *League of Legends*.

THE KINGS

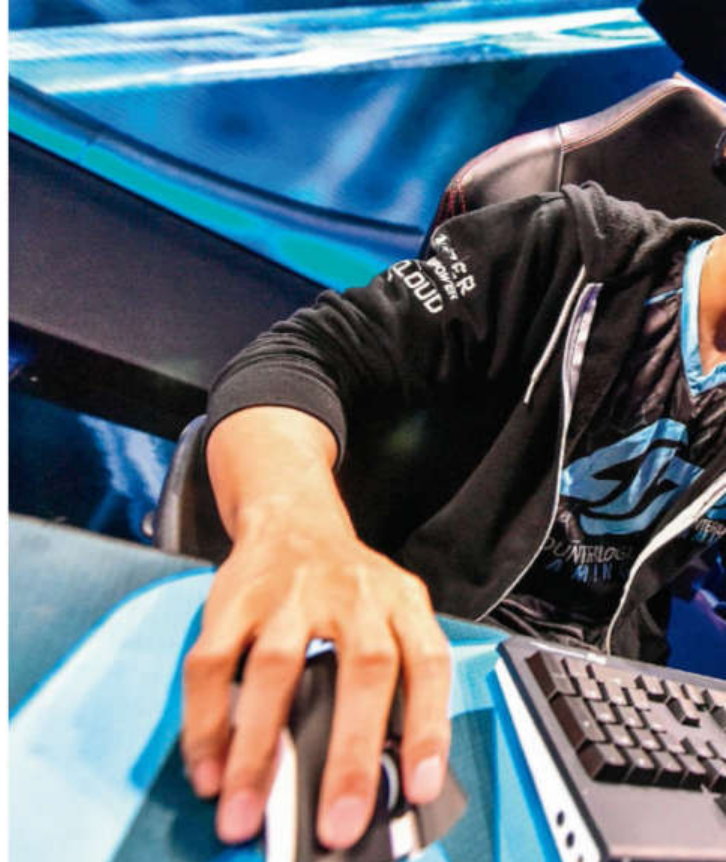
E-SPORTS NATION



THE NATION'S fastest-growing sport isn't soccer or mixed martial arts. It's not rugby or lacrosse. It might not even be a sport at all.

Competitive video gaming, or e-sports, has exploded in the U.S. over the last five years as advances in technology have made the games better and the world smaller. Newzoo, a market research firm, estimates that 93 million Americans are active in sports, but more than twice as many—194 million—regularly play video games. That's 61% of the population. (If that seems high, consider that *Candy Crush* counts.) Gaming is a \$22 billion-a-year industry, and it crosses boundaries: Plenty of enthusiasts have no interest in traditional sports, but Seahawks running back Marshawn Lynch plays *Call of Duty* daily (he's even a character in *Call of Duty: Black Ops 3*), and the Kansas City Royals spent more time last season playing *Clash of Clans* than watching film or taking extra BP. Just as many gamers are over age 50 as are under 18. Most of them play recreationally, but the kid you picked on in high school can now make upward of \$1 million a year—in salary, prize money and sponsorship and advertising revenue—as a professional gamer.

So is competitive gaming a sport? There's head-to-head (if not always face-to-face) competition. There are teams and uniforms and pro leagues and those seven-figure salaries. Robert Morris University Illinois fields a varsity *League of Legends* team, complete with partial athletic scholarships. Foreign pros competing in the U.S. are issued P-1 "athlete" visas. Most players don't cut particularly impressive figures physically, but then again, neither do some relief pitchers.



MEN AND MOUSE

Doublelift (above left) and Aphromoo directed *League* champions in Paris while fans impersonated others in London (opposite).

ence online: The same broadcasters who call the games for the streaming-video audience are piped into the arena; fans get a bird's-eye view of game action on jumbotrons that project the computer screen; and often fans are simultaneously on their phones checking their *League of Legends* fantasy teams. (Of course

IT IS ESTIMATED THAT 194 MILLION AMERICANS PLAY

The viewership is there: More fans (27 million worldwide) watched—online—the 2014 *League of Legends* world championship final between South Korea's Samsung Galaxy White team and China's Star Horn Royal Club than saw the clinching games of last year's World Series (23.5 million), NBA Finals (17.9 million) or Stanley Cup finals (six million). Twitch.tv, the streaming-video site that Amazon bought last year for \$970 million and that is the home of most game feeds, has more video traffic than WWE.com, MLB.com and ESPN.com combined.

If you're surprised that video games are a spectator sport, you're not alone. But Riot Games, the company that makes *League of Legends*, secured L.A.'s Staples Center for its 2013 world championship final—the culmination of a 16-team monthlong tournament that is structured like soccer's World Cup—and sold out its 10,000 seats in less than an hour. The next year's world championship final would fill the 40,000-seat Seoul World Cup stadium.

The fan experience in person is not unlike the fan experi-

there are fantasy teams: both seasonlong ones—choose seven starters and three alternates—and daily lineups for a single day of competition.) The competitors themselves, seated in a long row across the stage, wearing headsets with two frequencies of white noise to block out the crowd and allow them to communicate, might just as well be in another room.

In *League*, teams of five players in distinct positions—top laner, jungler, mid laner, AD carry and support—compete in a sort of high-tech capture the flag, slaying dragons and destroying towers on their way to seizing their opponents' home base, or *nexus*. The key strategic choice in *League of Legends* comes before a game even starts, as players decide which characters, or champions, to compete as. There are currently 127 options, each with different abilities: A high-risk, high-reward champion (such as Jinx, who does immense damage from a long range but is immobile and dies easily, or Gragas, who favors body slams and has the ability to restore health but is an unpredictable alcoholic) might make



more sense for the deft mid laner, who can more easily make game-changing plays; a support, who creates opportunities for teammates and helps to disrupt enemies, might select a champion who can absorb a lot of damage. Before every game each team excludes three champions it doesn't want to face, and then players alternate in choosing their characters. Games can be won or lost in this "pick-ban" phase, and professional teams employ analysts and scouts to focus on it.

Each player then directs his champion with his mouse and purchases and deploys weapons, such as the Hextech Gun-



THE APPEAL of competitive video games has been apparent since the Magnavox Odyssey was invented in 1972, but Guinness World Records recognizes Dennis (Thresh) Fong as the first professional gamer. In 1997, Thresh, then 19, won a *Quake* tournament for which one of the game's cocreators had offered his red Ferrari 328 as a prize.

Things have grown a bit from there. The five-man Evil Geniuses squad took home \$6.6 million in August for winning the *Dota 2* international championship in Seattle. Sixteen-year-old Sumail (Suma1L) Hassan's \$1.3 million share made him the first teen e-sports millionaire.

Dota 2 tournaments have given out the most prize money so far—nearly \$50 million to 1,248 players in 467 tournaments since 2011—but *League of Legends* is more popular, with 67 million users a month to *Dota 2*'s 10 million. Ten professional *League* teams compete twice a week for nine weeks in the spring, then again in the summer, in the *League of Legends* Championship Series, the top-tier North American division; six more are in



VIDEO GAMES; JUST AS MANY ARE OVER 50 AS UNDER 18.

blade and the Mercurial Scimitar, with his keyboard. (*League* is a computer game; unlike with an Xbox or PlayStation, there's no console.) The action moves quickly, and the camera angles jump around, so it can be difficult for the uninitiated to follow, but the champions have color-coded name tags above them on the screen to help spectators identify who's doing what. Bars on the left and right of the screen give each player's health rating and level of experience, and a box at the bottom lists statistics, including weapons stores, kills and the number of times the player has died in that game. Professional games average about 40 minutes as teams maneuver around the lanes (the three paths to the nexus) and jungles of Summoner's Rift, with about a 15-minute intermission between games.

The breaks at MSG include standard jumbotron fare—dance contests, trivia—but one in particular is missing. "It's hard to do the Kiss Cam," says Dustin Beck, Riot's head of e-sports, "when it's 90% male."

the next rung down, the Challenger Series, vying like European soccer teams to be promoted to the majors at the end of each split. (South Korea, China, Europe and Southeast Asia have similar organizations.) Riot operates the whole structure, although the teams themselves are owned by companies, including Samsung, and people, including hedge funders and former pro gamers. Most major North American teams, operating on a budget of \$3 million to \$5 million a year, make their money from sponsorships. The biggest sponsors are Geico, Red Bull and HTC, the Taiwanese smartphone and tablet manufacturer.

The games do not produce ACL tears and oblique strains, but many players have retired due to chronic wrist and hand pain. Teams work with physical therapists to combat slouching. The Germany-based Electronic Sports League, which holds tournaments for more than 50 games, including *League of Legends*, recently announced it would work with the World Anti-Doping Agency to implement drug testing after a *Counter-Strike* player admitted to having used Adderall during an ESL tournament.

E-SPORTS NATION

Among the difficulties in cracking down on potential drug use—and now match-fixing: 12 people were arrested in South Korea last month for their alleged involvement in throwing *StarCraft II* games—is the fractured nature of e-sports. There's no governing body to make rules, and many lower-level tournaments are played remotely over networks rather than in person, making it difficult to test competitors.

Because ping—the delay between the instant a player taps a key and the moment the game registers the action—can mean the difference between victory and defeat, location is critical at the elite level. The North American *League* servers were located in Portland until August, so most of the major pro players live on the West Coast, and all *League* Championship Series regular-season games have been played in person at Riot's 350-seat Los Angeles studio. (Riot moved the servers to Chicago to reduce the ping for the rest of the country.) Most of the elite talent, however, is in South Korea, where e-sports are a national pastime, though Americans dominate console games, such as *Call of Duty*, *Halo* and, not surprisingly, *Madden*.



After the 1997 Asian financial crisis the South Korean government invested in broadband infrastructure, and gaming cafés began sprouting up. A huge community developed: There are two TV channels in South Korea devoted to e-sports, and in 2004, before many competitions moved to indoor arenas for improved acoustics, 100,000 fans attended the final of the *StarCraft* pro league on Gwangalli Beach in Busan.

But South Korea is on its own server, so if you want to practice against the best, you have to go there. Many of the teams competing at this month's world championships, held in four cities across Europe—London, Paris, Brussels and Berlin—spent September hunkered down in Seoul hotel conference rooms, playing against amateurs on the server in the mornings and scrimmaging against Korean pro teams at night.

The competitive gaming fan demographic, meanwhile, is a marketer's dream: upper-middle-class males, ages 18 to 34, with free time and disposable income. They're especially coveted because most of them are not watching other sports and are therefore largely untapped by advertisers. The players themselves are generally on the younger side of the spectrum: The oldest player on any of the four teams competing at MSG in August was



10 days past his 25th birthday. Women make up about 31% of fans, according to Newzoo. When Renegades won the Challenger Series playoffs last month to earn promotion to the majors, its support, Maria (Remilia) Creveling, became the first woman to reach the top North American level.

League of Legends was released in 2009, when its current expert practitioners were in middle and high school. It takes an enormous amount of time to get good at this game, and who has more time than a teenager? “You have to be a certain kind of person to be a pro *League* player,” says Doublelift. “You just have to be really nerdy and not have a lot of social skills!”



MADISON SQUARE GARDEN shakes as the CLG and TSM players are introduced on the loudspeaker by a Riot staffer doing his best Don LaFontaine. CLG wears soccer-style black jerseys underneath black cotton hoodies; TSM sports chambray shirts and black varsity jackets. As the

players settle in, a trash-talk video plays on the giant screen:

“Regi’s the type of guy that’ll come kick your sand castle and take your sand,” says CLG founder George (HotshotGG) Georgallidis of TSM founder Andy (Reginald) Dinh.

“Against CLG, my sodium levels kind of go out of control,” says TSM top laner Marcus (Dyrus) Hill.

The rivalry between CLG and TSM goes deep—inasmuch as there can be deep rivalries in a sport that recently celebrated its sixth birthday. HotshotGG and Reginald butted heads as teammates on CLG in 2009, and Reginald created TSM in 2011 to take CLG down. CLG became the most popular team in North America, but a recent downturn in its play has caused fans to jump to the more consistent TSM. Whenever CLG has been primed for a run, it has found a creative



and heartbreaking way to lose in the playoffs. CLG has never before been to a championship game; TSM has never missed one. Adding to the drama: TSM has already qualified for the 2015 world championships because of its regular-season performance. CLG can secure a berth with a victory over TSM.

In the first pick-ban phase, AD carry Doublelift and top laner Darshan (ZionSpartan) Upadhyaya swap champions, which isn't uncommon, but this particular switch draws gasps from the crowd: The champion ZionSpartan ends up with—Yasuo, who can create a wall of wind and whose attacks can turn into tornadoes—is almost never played by top laners. Unable to adapt, TSM goes down in Game 1.

CLG and TSM swap sides of the map—and, more important, camera angles—between games. The teams seem fairly evenly matched until, in the 28th minute of Game 2, a battle breaks out. CLG looks to have gotten the worst of it, but with the team essentially on the business end of a five-on-three power play, Doublelift mows down the entire opposing side. The announcers don't even notice him until he's at three kills. Then:

"That pentakill came out of nowhere!" they roar, trying not to be drowned out by the crowd. "That might be the game!" It is.

Players can see only the locations of their teammates on the small position map in the corner of the screen, but spectators can see players from both sides, so the jumbotron is on a short delay to prevent cheering from giving anything away. "In early tournaments," Doublelift says, "you'd know if the other team was making a sneaky play. You'd hear the crowd and feel the bass, and your Spidey sense would tingle."

CLG needs no such help in Game 3. "They're gonna take

E-FANFARE
Gaming enthusiasts filled the stands at the worlds at SSE Arena in London and, in costume, on the streets outside.



the inhibitor!" the announcers shout. "They're gonna take the nexus! They're gonna take the trip to worlds!" It doesn't quite have the ring of "Havlicek stole the ball!" but the crowd, on its feet, doesn't seem to mind.

FOR CLG, one of the teams trying hardest to draw from centuries of traditional sports, the victory is a vindication. Nine months after being one game away from relegation, CLG took an unusual approach to finding a new coach. Ehrenreich, an education major at Clemson who minored in athletic leadership and helped football recruits adjust to life on campus, got practical training by setting up tackling dummies. He was a *League* player but had no experience coaching the game. CLG paired him with analyst Tony Gray, who would handle the pregame picks and bans and other strategy.

Ehrenreich, 28, has borrowed practice techniques from football. CLG sometimes pipes in crowd noise and flashes lights of different colors and brightness during scrimmages. Ehrenreich also tries to address the paradox of the successful *League of Legends* team: To become expert at the game, players must spend countless hours alone, playing online with computer-matched partners against computer-matched opponents, climbing the rankings and eschewing social contact. But as soon as they are good enough to be noticed by pro teams, they are asked to work with four virtual strangers as a unit. For most, it's their first experience on a team or under a coach.

So CLG's players spent most of the regular season carrying around a cinder block spray-painted with rivals' logos, to learn to share the burden. They swapped positions in a recent scrimmage (imagine Dwight Howard playing point), and they Skype once a week with a sports psychologist, who visited them to hold workshops in the lead-up to the North American championships.

Most professional teams set their players up in gaming houses so they can spend the maximum amount of time practicing. These places tend to resemble frat houses—box springs on the floors, kitchen cabinets labeled with names written on masking tape—but with seriously upgraded office equipment. Teams are sponsored by chair, keyboard and mouse manufacturers, and they match their monitors to the ones Riot provides in competition. CLG's house, 15 miles northeast of downtown L.A., is more of a compound, with three buildings, a pool and a basketball hoop the players have not been allowed to use since Doublelift got his left pinkie caught in the chain-metal net and required 12 stitches. They have a home gym that gets used more often than you'd imagine, although it's kept locked so no one can go in without a chaperone and get hurt.

CLG doesn't diverge much from most people's image of gamers; the team is a collection of mostly skinny kids in sweatpants and bare feet. Their conversation marries gamer jargon with standard twentysomething shibboleths. "I'm setting up the doublekill," says ZionSpartan during one session.

TALENT POOL

CLG players and coaches (from left) ZionSpartan, Pobelter, Ehrenreich, Xmithie, HuHi, Aphromoo, Gray and Doublelift chill before training.

"That's my boy, D-Shan!" answers support Zaqueri (Aphromoo) Black. Doublelift and Aphromoo call themselves "the *Rush Hour* bot lane." Their positions are generally responsible for the bottom lane of the map; Doublelift is Jackie Chan, Aphromoo is Chris Tucker.

All five CLG players started gaming as children or young teens, then moved into *League* as they saw its potential. Their support systems varied from Doublelift's parents, who threw him out of the house, to Aphromoo's, who were encouraging even if his father once grounded him for two weeks for logging on to his dad's *Diablo II* account and losing some expensive in-game gear.

When Ehrenreich drags his crew onto the back porch for huddles, a few shift awkwardly and one leans against the railing with his eyes closed. But they light up once they're behind the monitors, surrounded by Michael Jordan and Michael Phelps posters as well as a few drawings of *League* champions by general manager slash team dad Matt (MaTTcom) Marikian, 31. Between games the players scroll through the team's Reddit fan page, watch cooking demonstrations on YouTube or update playlists on Soundcloud. Early on Ehrenreich had to break them of their occasional habit of communicating with each other through in-game chat rather than headset.

Days often start with a quarter- or half-mile run—cinder



matches; Twitch has 55 million users, who spend an average of an hour and 45 minutes a day on the service. Says Bryce Blum, an attorney who represents teams and players, "It's like if LeBron strapped on a GoPro to play pickup."



MINUTES AFTER walking offstage at Madison Square Garden, the members of CLG arrange themselves against a Riot-branded backdrop on the concourse for a fan meet. The line is more than a thousand deep, as is the one for TSM. For more than an hour the players pose for photos, accept gifts and even dole out hugs. Many of the fans are dressed as their favorite champions, and some sport team-logo temporary tattoos. Team owner HotshotGG is an attraction in his own right. "Oh, my God, you got him," whispers one awed teenager to another after HotshotGG hears him shout hello and comes over.

This doesn't happen only at e-sports events either. "When you walk into the stadium, you get mobbed," explains Aphromoo, "but even when I'm at Starbucks, I'll get noticed."

There are drawbacks to such fame. Many teams forbid their

A TSM STAR HAD TO TAKE OUT A RESTRAINING ORDER A

block sometimes in tow—and end with six to 10 hours of team practice, usually including scrimmages against other pro teams. In downtime players return to their roots in solo queue, competing on the open server as individuals and letting the computer match them with opponents. They can broadcast these practices on Twitch to make extra money from advertising to supplement their prize money and the \$8,000 to \$10,000 a month they earn in salary and sponsorships. Followers donate midstream, usually about \$3 at a time, for the right to have their questions read aloud and answered on air.

All told, the most popular *League* players can pull in \$400,000 a year, although only about 100 in the U.S. can support themselves fully through e-sports. Some become such personalities, offering tips and cracking jokes, that they leave competitive play to devote themselves full time to streaming. Fans flock to watch their heroes comment on their own

players to eat baked goods that people give them—you just never know—and TSM's star mid laner, Søren (Bjergsen) Bjerg, recently had to take out a restraining order against a stalker who flew over from Germany and stood outside the team house for hours, intercepting a food delivery and refusing to relinquish it unless Bjergsen came out. (The stalker was arrested and deported.)

But fan involvement is tremendously important to a sport that is growing so fast. Just as CLG prepared to leave for boot camp in South Korea, it received word that jungler Jake (Xmithie) Puchero, a Philippines native, had been denied a visa that would allow him to play in the world championships in Europe. The team posted on its website that it would promote alternate Choi (HuHi) Jae-Hyun, but a fan commented on Reddit that he had a connection in a Philippines e-sport organization. The team got in touch, and two weeks later it announced that the visa had come through and Xmithie would play after all.



I**N THE** bowels of MSG, Doublelift and Aphromoo join a small group from ESPN, waiting to record a clip for that evening's

SportsCenter. In April, seven months after ESPN president John Skipper said he was interested in airing only "real sports," ESPN2 broadcast a collegiate *Heroes of the Storm* tournament in prime time. The reactions on Twitter were predictable—"what has the world come to," "what the hell is this," "go outside, kids"—but the network has doubled down on its e-sports coverage. *ESPN The Magazine* dedicated its June issue to e-sports, and this year the network's X Games included a few e-sports tournaments.

On camera Doublelift and Aphromoo go a little beyond the typical platitudes ("All of us are no strangers to losing constantly—always failing at the most important times—and this time everything just came together"), but otherwise this looks a lot like every other post-big-win interview: goofy grins, uniforms a little sweaty, star player white-knuckling the trophy. The clip will air, and Doublelift will get hundreds of messages from fans and friends about it. But a month later he still hasn't watched

AGAINST A STALKER.

it. He wouldn't know where to find it.

"I'd probably Google ESPN *League of Legends*?" he says. "I'm glad ESPN covered MSG, but I don't think it'll ever be truly mainstream like football or basketball. It's competitive, there's fans, there's passion and skill. I think trying to figure out if it's a sport or not is completely useless."

Neither CLG nor TSM will make it past the group stage of the 2015 world championships, but e-sports will be a big winner, drawing more than 10 million viewers on the first day—including Doublelift's mom, with whom he recently reconnected. "She doesn't understand it," Doublelift says, "but she knows it's important to me." □

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Game Planning

→ BY MICHAEL ROSENBERG

THERE HAS been talk lately about turning college basketball into a one-semester sport, giving the best players a fighting chance to learn what a semester is. The idea, proposed by many and supported recently by Pac-12 commissioner Larry Scott, is great, but why stop there? With a little imagination, a calendar and a sharp pencil, we can improve every sport's season.

NFL The preseason is hereby canceled forever, and anybody who objects goes to prison. The playoffs will never expand. Browns games will no longer be televised. There will be no Thursday games, because most players can't even feel their extremities until Friday.

The Super Bowl will always be one week after the conference championship games, and always in New Orleans. So that we don't have to endure three months of hype, the draft will be held on Valentine's Day, forcing men to choose between their one true love and their wives.

MLB The season gets cut from 162 to 154 games, so it starts in April and ends in October. The All-Star Game stays in July, but no longer decides home field advantage for the World Series. That goes to the team with the best record.

Every team will play a doubleheader, at single-game prices, on the Saturday closest to Sept. 17, the anniversary of Ernie Banks's debut. The next day will be an open date so that teams can make up rainouts. The draft will continue to be held in May, or June, or whenever it is.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL Teams play 11 games, not 12. All will be held on campuses, on Saturdays, while school is in session. The College Football Playoff championship game will be on Jan. 1, under a setting sun in the Rose Bowl, as our Founding Fathers intended.

COLLEGE BASKETBALL The season tips off the day after Christmas, with one massive tournament in Maui, featuring the 64 teams that had the highest GPA that fall. Teams play three games per week for 10 weeks, then finish with the NCAA tournament.

NBA The season will begin on Christmas Day, with the All-Star Game. All-Stars will be determined by jersey sales during the holiday season. When the All-Star Game ends, par-

In an improved sports world there would be no NFL games on Thursday, because most players can't even feel their extremities until Friday.



How would you alter the sports calendar?

Join the discussion on Twitter by using **#SIPointAfter** and following **@Rosenberg_Mike**

ticipants will be barred from socializing with one another until the conclusion of the Finals in June. The season will be 50 games rather than 82. The draft lottery will take place in the bedroom of the owner of the worst team, which will be ineligible to win the top pick.

NHL The season opens with a single Winter Classic outdoor game on Jan. 1, which always features at least one Canadian team. Instead of 82 games, teams will play 50, to bring some of the tension of the best postseason in sports to the regular season.

To reduce the number of upsets in the first two rounds of the playoffs, the higher-seeded team gets to host five of the seven games. The higher-seeded team's doctor gets to examine the lower-seeded team's players, to determine who is really injured.

GOLF We'll leave the majors where they are, but the Ryder Cup winner gets to host the next Ryder Cup. Augusta National will hold a women's Masters the week before the men's event; the winner gets free club membership for life.

TENNIS The Grand Slam events stay where they are, but the Davis Cup becomes a one-week, Ryder Cup-style event, with the best players in Europe taking on the best players in the rest of the world.

OLYMPICS They will continue to be held every four years, but instead of moving around the world, the Summer Games will be on a soundstage in Hollywood. The Winter Olympics will be awarded to the country that makes the best hot chocolate.

SOCCER No changes. Americans are not yet qualified to tell the world what should happen in soccer.

See? Sports are better now. You're welcome. The only problem is that these changes will cost various leagues some money; by my calculations the total will be \$417 billion. I think we should all chip in. My new calendar tells me you should go first. □



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